

SHAKESPEARIANA.

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety."—ANT. & CLEO.

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NEW THEORIES OF THE SONNETS.

IN two remarkable articles, published within two months of each other, two theories of the Sonnets have been proposed, and, to the satisfaction of their respective authors, completely and fully demonstrated. And this is not the least remarkable fact in connection with these theories, for, notwithstanding their radical nature, it is set forth in the titles of each that they afford the only satisfactory explanation of many heretofore unexplained facts, and their authors each conclude with *quod erat demonstrandum*. These studies are the now famous article in *Blackwood's* for June, "New Views of Shakespeare's Sonnets: The 'Other Poet' Identified," and Dr. Charles Mackay's essay in the *Nineteenth Century* for August, "A Tangled Skein Unravelled, or the Mysteries of Shakespeare's Sonnets." In reading these articles one realizes with a profound sense of its truth the statement by the author of the *Blackwood's* article, that "there are more things in Shakespeare's Sonnets than have been dreamt of in the philosophy of conjectural and prosaic criticism." Turning to the particular things "dreamt of" by this gentleman, one is instantly convinced of the sound wisdom displayed in this remark. He takes thirty-five pages to prove—and of this he has no doubt but that he is successful—that the "other Poet" referred to by Shakespeare in the Sonnets is no other than "the great Florentine patriot and Italian poet, DANTE ALIGHIERI!" To the demonstration of this startling and, as he states, most unheard-of fact, the writer brings all the learning and powers of conjecture—of which the quantity almost surpasses belief—that much careful study has placed at his command. For the article is well written, shows much study, is ingenious, but discursive, and fails to satisfy the reader of the truth it seeks to prove with

the same delightful feeling of certainty that the author so frankly avows.

Dr. Mackay's article treats of the same sonnets and of the same subject; he uses the same illustrations, and, on the algebraic principle that things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other, his result should be the same as that of the author of the *Blackwood's* article. Unfortunately for the inquiring student, however, mathematical rules are incompatible with literature—at least they have never been satisfactorily applied—and these two gentlemen disagree, absolutely and entirely. Yet they both affirm they are right, and he who would follow authority is placed in a position similar to the donkey between the two bundles of hay, for there is no reason for taking one rather than the other.

The unprejudiced reader, however, after a careful and thoughtful perusal of these essays, cannot but decide, even though he may not agree with the conclusions reached, nor tolerate the means whereby they are obtained, that Dr. Mackay's is both the most readable and the most plausible; for Dr. Mackay is an iconoclast. He does not hesitate to boldly declare that some of the sonnets now known as Shakespeare's are not Shakespeare's at all, but were written by some of the lesser poets of Shakespeare's time. To those who hold the writings of Shakespeare to be the most precious things the world contains, this must be indeed a sad blow, for they are far too few to be destroyed with the pen of a theorizer. But, as will be seen in the sequel, Shakespeare's fame does not suffer by this loss of sonnets, but rather gains, and then one has the additional satisfaction of feeling—if one can—that one does not have to go to distant Italy for the "other Poet," or even to give an indefinite guess among the half-dozen lesser poets of the Elizabethan era,

but to see in this mysterious and hitherto unknown being the greatest of them all, William Shakespeare himself.

Having briefly indicated the theories demonstrated by these writers, an examination of the arguments advanced to prove these two opposite, but true, facts will be in order. The author of the *Blackwood's* article arranges his arguments in nine divisions of varying degrees of uncertainty, improbability, and conjecture. In his introductory remarks he promises future studies on the Sonnets, the chief of which is to show, as clearly as his present thesis is shown, that the Sonnets are "the psalm of Shakespeare's 'New Life,' as really as John Bunyan's remarkable work or prose poem, entitled 'Grace Abounding,' is the story of Bunyan's life written by himself." A paper promising the explanation of so many obscure passages in the life of Shakespeare, and of establishing so many hitherto unknown events therein, will be most anxiously awaited by the literary world, and its early appearance is to be sincerely hoped for.

But to return to the earlier study. The writer's present discovery seems to have been suggested by the words "spirit, by spirits taught to write above a mortal pitch," from which he infers that the "other Poet" had passed into the spirit world, where he was instructed in the art of writing by other spirits. Before, however, examining the wealth of ideas contained in these lines, the writer brings forward the first portion of his argument, to the effect that "the writings of the poet referred to were not easily or generally accessible in Shakespeare's time." This proposition is extracted from four lines of Sonnet lxxxv,

"My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character, with golden quill
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed."

To those who cannot see from which particular word or groups of words the proposition to be demonstrated is obtained, the writer appends an elaborate argument showing that it is found in the phrase, "*Reserve their character*," in which "character" means the printed or written form of the composition referred to. The meaning of the phrase becomes at once transparent, and when "comments of praise" are said to "reserve their character," the poet is only telling us in rarely poetic language that the books of which he is speaking have not been rendered into English. But the writer is not satisfied

with leaving us in an admiring silence, but goes on to fortify his position by explaining at length how perfectly the word "reserve" conveys the meaning intended—and who else but Shakespeare ever used a word that did not mean just what he intended?—by showing how absurd are all other words that have been suggested in its place, and by quoting instances of its use in a similar sense by several of Shakespeare's contemporaries, all of which, he says, strengthen this position "according to the methods and principles of inductive and legitimate criticism."

To the very just objection that, granting that this exegesis be true, it would in no way indicate that Dante was the poet intended, the writer urges that this fact is proven by the manner of addressing the "other Poet" and the descriptions given of his writings. Further, Dante was not translated into English until Boyd published his translation of the *Inferno* in 1785, followed by the entire *Divina Commedia* in 1802.*

The next chains in the arguments are furnished by two lines from Sonnet lxxxvi,

"Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?"

These prolific lines furnish two points, first, that the unknown poet was not one of Shakespeare's contemporaries, and secondly, that "he himself had been taught by those who were not his contemporaries;" for if he is a spirit he must be dead, and no man ever profited so much from the discourse of spirits as did Dante; all of which is perfectly clear to those who are, even if only in the slightest degree, familiar with his writings.

It is in his next argument, however, that the writer makes his most remarkable statement, and soars aloft on the wings of conjecture. Two more lines from Sonnet lxxxvi,

"Neither he, nor his compeers by night,
Giving him aid, my verse astonished,"

inform the reader that "the 'spirits' who taught the other poet referred to were not the contemporaries of that poet, and yet they were 'his compeers by night, giving him aid.'" The writer does not hesitate, but boldly explains "compeers" as those of the same rank, and "by night" as "a figurative expression for a time, condition, or state of darkness." Hence aid given "by night" means given when the sun is not furnishing what we poor mortals call day. Just why this explanation is made is by no means obvious, but, in the writer's opinion, it holds an important place in the argument. A quo-

* A Latin prose translation of the *Commedia* was completed by Giovanni da Serravalle in 1417, and the first French translation was published by Grangier in 1596; but these facts do not, says the writer, affect the "reserved" nature of the works.

tation from the fourth canto of the *Inferno*, however, shows us that Dante was received by his masters as their equal "by night."
Q. E. D.

The spirits of the other world, however, were not sufficient to inspire the other poet; there was another and more powerful source of inspiration, as is shown by three lines from that most productive of sonnets, the eighty-sixth,

"He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast."

"A familiar ghost," explains the writer, "is a spirit in attendance on any one, doing him kindly service." After which we are told that these lines convey "the most beautiful and true, the most lifelike, picture of Beatrice in relation to Dante, when he describes her as that affable familiar ghost that nightly or in dreams gulled Dante with intelligence." Then follows a lengthy dissertation on Beatrice, her nature and character, and the part she took in Dante's dreams, her analogies with the philosophy of Boethius, and a number of other facts all bearing in a constantly diminishing degree on the question at issue. That Beatrice was indeed a never-ending source of inspiration to Dante is perfectly true, but that she is the "affable familiar ghost" referred to by Shakespeare has yet to be proved.

But, fully satisfied with himself and his subject, the writer proceeds to show that the "main theme or purpose of the other poet was the same as that of Shakespeare in the Sonnets." This fact, he claims, is unquestioned and admitted by all who suppose that the theme was "the sublime excellence of some unknown lord or lady of tender age and of miscellaneous accomplishments," if not of Lord Herbert or Lord Southampton. Without dwelling on this fact, which, indeed, no one will deny, the writer hurries on to describe the theme or purpose of the other poet as given by Shakespeare in the words "comments of praise" (lxxx) and "hymns" (lxxxv), that is, they are "solemn religious songs, dedicated to the same theme as that to which the Sonnets are consecrated by Shakespeare." Why the "hymns" should be "solemn religious songs" we are not informed, but instead we learn that "Shakespeare describes the purpose of the other poet as twofold—namely, (1) to set forth the praises of the one to whom, in the Sonnets, Shakespeare's theme is dedicated,

"A better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,"

and (2) to gain for himself possession of the one whose praises he sings,

"Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you."

And as Dante's object was "to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever, then," says the writer, in a manner that seems intended to hurry along the reader whether he will or no, "if Dante was that other poet, Shakespeare's aim or purpose in the Sonnets was to gain possession of the same great and most precious prize." Truly, a remarkable conclusion.

But what, one may naturally inquire, has this to do with proving that Dante was the other poet? Does it not rather depend upon such proof rather than furnish any itself? These are questions that the author has not deemed worthy of answering, for he moves swiftly on to the sixth division of his argument, wherein he shows that "the 'verse' or poetry of the other poet is described in terms expressive of its strength, stateliness, and grandeur." Shakespeare furnishes this means of identification in the eighty-sixth sonnet, where he says,

"Was it the proud, full sail of his great verse?"

and in the eightieth,

"But since your worth wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear;
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear,"

and also,

"He of tall building and of goodly pride."

From these lines the writer shows how much better it is to study Shakespeare, the critic, than to criticise Shakespeare; which is indeed true, as is also its parallel, that more profit is gained by studying Shakespeare, the theorizer, than to invent theories concerning Shakespeare. But of this no hint is given in the present article. The thread of the argument is growing finer and finer, the comparisons become more and more obscure, and one feels as though it was indeed a bold spirit that would trust itself with such as these. Yet the writer goes bravely on and finds that "never was a description more true to reality than is the representation of Dante's verse here given by Shakespeare." He feels, though, that perhaps this is a little too "strong," and in his next proposition adds to the previous one that, in addition to the qualities there described—so obvious, he thinks, that it is a matter of no small wonderment that they were not discovered before—that the other poet's verse was distinguished by "its exquisite polish and refinement."

"Comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
 * * * * *
 And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd
 * * * * *
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen."
 —lxxxv.

Stupid indeed must be the man who fails to be convinced; for was there ever a poet, classic, mediæval, or Elizabethan, that wrote in language that could be described in terms expressive of its "strength, stateliness, and grandeur," and at the same time was characterized with an "exquisite polish and refinement," save Dante?

But this is not all. The amount of information to be obtained from the Sonnets seems endless. Shakespeare's knowledge was indeed unbounded; for not only could he compose sonnets giving the most perfect descriptions of Dante's style, but those very same sonnets explain to us Dante's methods of work. This fact is obtained from Sonnet lxxx,

"A better spirit doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,"

which reflect the concluding words of Dante's *Vita Nuova*, wherein he relates the arduous labor spent in perfecting his work—to which, like the preceding proposition, if all the rest be true, no exception can be taken.

Finally—for the writer really brings his paper to a conclusion—he shows that "it was not till some time after Shakespeare had begun to write the 'songs and praises,' the 'meditations and confessions,' of which his Sonnets consist, that he became acquainted with the writings of that other poet, and the effect upon him was so depressing and discouraging that for a time he gave up the attempt to write anything which he could deem worthy of his great theme." Poor Shakespeare! One cannot help feeling both grieved and surprised at learning this. Why should he have felt so depressed? Was he not one of the very few who could read those poems in the original. He alone knew there were better poems than his. Why, then, worry over it? And, further, why should he have refused to profit by these verses and incorporate their thoughts in his own, when he made free use of all the material he could lay his hands on? Was it because he had repented and was reformed?

But Shakespeare did not long remain plunged in despondency; on the contrary, he conceived "a loftier idea of excellence," gathered up new ideas, and continued his former occupation of sonnet writing.

Such is the theory presented in *Blackwood's*. The great variety of subjects treated, and the peculiar manner in which they are in-

troduced, have extended the writer's remarks to an unusual length. Yet they are not without interest, even though one disagree with them, for they show, in a very thorough manner, how a theory may be evolved from nothing. That this writer's theory will hold a permanent place in literature cannot be entertained for a moment; it has been proposed only to sink into oblivion. One cannot but regret that so much ingenuity has been wasted in building up so conjectural a theory. Had the author devoted his time to a common-sense study of the Sonnets, there can be no doubt that the world of letters would have profited by his investigations. As it is, they can only be laughed at or passed over in silent contempt. This is, indeed, a synthetic age, but the world requires facts as a basis for its theories before it accepts them. The writer of the *Blackwood's* article has no facts to present, no firm foundation on which his edifice can stand. It is only by distorting the meaning of the language of the Sonnets that his interpretations can be obtained. It fails completely to fulfill the scientific conception of a theory. It cannot then be considered as having any practical value, or of being of permanent interest. The study of Shakespeare has been productive of much valueless study and absurd theories. On no part of human knowledge, perhaps—certainly not in the last three hundred years—has so much time been wasted as on Shakespeare. A man conceives a theory, he spends his life in evolving it, in perfecting it, in answering objections to it; but no sooner has he ceased to battle for it and urge its claims upon the public than it passes from sight and is lost in a maze of useless criticism. The present theory is one of these, and it is an additional source of regret that the high literary standing of *Blackwood's* has given it a notoriety and position that it is far from deserving.

On turning to Dr. Mackay's pages, one finds a very different theory presented and in a very different spirit. The writer in *Blackwood's* is constantly telling us that his theory is true, and he does it so often that one is almost compelled to believe that he hopes thereby to bring us to support his theory; Dr. Mackay presents his argument in a scholarly manner and to the point, and leaves his readers to follow him or not, as they choose. He does not carry us to the regions of death to find the origin of the Sonnets, but, accepting them as they stand, he examines them in a common-sense manner and seeks to prove that the theory of Wordsworth, that "with this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart," is untrue. He offers no conjectural theories, no high flown ideas;

his plainness stands in marked contrast to the elaborated language of the writer of the *Blackwood's* articles.

After a few preliminary remarks on the circumstances attending the publication of the Sonnets, Dr. Mackay opens his argument by presenting a sixfold classification of them. The first comprises a "series of poems in the form of sonnets, addressed to a rich, noble, and handsome young man, reproaching him mildly and affectionately for wasting his youthful loves on many women for whom he did not care, and for not marrying suitably to his rank, to perpetuate his race, as nobility and duty prescribed," and consisting of Sonnets i to xxv, liii, liv, and lv. Dr. Mackay sees no difficulty in believing that these were addressed to a real personage. His extraordinary beauty does not affect his reality—which, indeed, the student of the history of art would not question on this ground, as does the writer in *Blackwood's*—for if he were imaginary, why were they not published by their author? After presenting his reasons for believing this group referred to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, Dr. Mackay passes on to his second group. These are widely scattered, xxxiv, xxxv, xxxvii, cxxvii, to cxliv, cli, and clii, and are "addressed by a poet, whose name is *William*, to the dark-haired, dark-eyed wife of another *William*, and pleading his passion, sometimes reproachfully, sometimes despondently, and sometimes hopefully." And now the Doctor begins his argument in earnest. He speaks boldly and affirms, in language not to be misunderstood, that these sonnets are not by Shakespeare at all, but by the Earl of Pembroke. Nor is this in the least unlikely. The Earl wrote sonnets, was dissatisfied with his own wife, but much in love with Lord Devonshire's, who was beautiful, dark-eyed, dark-haired, and accomplished. The Earl of Devonshire's name was William Cavendish, and as the Sonnets furnish the only hint that Shakespeare was untrue to his wife, is it not more reasonable to suppose that they were not his but Cavendish's? And, in truth, from a literary standpoint, it is far from adding to Shakespeare's renown to be known as the author of the following composition:

"Whatever hath her wish, thou hast thy WILL,
And WILL to boot, and WILL in over-plus,
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet WILL making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose WILL is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my WILL in thee?
Shall WILL in others seem right gracious,
And in my WILL no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in WILL, add to thy WILL
One WILL of mine, to make thy large WILL more,

Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one WILL."

Dr. Mackay's third series includes other sonnets of unequal merit, and contains "a vindication of the poet's character to a powerful friend and generous patron, whom rivals and enemies had endeavored to turn against him by calumnies and misrepresentations," and comprises the sonnets numbered xxx, xxxvii, xxxviii, xl, lxxx, lxxxii, lxxxiii, lxxxv, lxxxvi, lxxxix, xc, xci, c, cxi, cxii, and cxiii. This list includes those used by the writer of the *Blackwood's* article, and their use by Dr. Mackay affords a striking commentary on that gentleman's argument. The Earl of Southampton had loaned Shakespeare a thousand pounds with which to purchase some shares in the Globe Theatre; in 1593 Shakespeare published his *Venus and Adonis* and dedicated it to Southampton. He now stood supreme among the poets of his time; could he then have written the lines,

"Oh! how I faint when I to you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name
And in the praise thereof spends all his might
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame?"

Marlowe, argues Dr. Mackay, could have written this of Shakespeare, but Shakespeare never of Marlowe. That Marlowe was lame is undisputed; there is no record of Shakespeare's having been similarly unfortunate, other than that found in the thirty-seventh and eighty-ninth sonnets:

"As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth,"

and in the eighty-seventh,

"Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,"

Shakespeare was respectable and in comfortable circumstances from the beginning of his career; Marlowe was a Bohemian. Yet in Sonnet xl Shakespeare says, urge the commentators,

"I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Though thou steal thee all my poverty."

Sonnet cxii contains a reference to a "vulgar scandal," of which there were many circulated concerning Marlowe, but none concerning Shakespeare. Hence it is that Dr. Mackay concludes that these sonnets were written by Marlowe and not by Shakespeare, and his point is certainly well taken and worthy of careful consideration. It is but justice to the writer of the *Blackwood's* article to add that Dr. Mackay makes no explanation of the lines,

"Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?"

but thinks that, though unintelligible in our day, they were perfectly understood by the person for whom the poem was written.

The fourth series of sonnets contains a number of "love sonnets, addressed to one or many women, by one or many lovers, not connected in any way with the loves of the two Williams in the second series." The Sonnets were published in 1609, when Shakespeare was forty-five; they must have been written between that date and 1586, when he was only twenty-two. How, then, says Dr. Mackay, could Shakespeare have described himself as

" * * * I am now
With Time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn " ?

or spoken of himself with the words,

" In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by-and-by black night doth take away "

and again, in the same sonnet, the seventy-third,

" In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie " ?

The sonnets in which these lines occur were undoubtedly, says Dr. Mackay, written by Shakespeare, but he cannot be describing himself. We are not kept long in suspense as to the identity of the person. Among the nobles of Elizabeth's Court none was so renowned, or had had so varied a career, or had stood nearer the Queen, as Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the principal magnate of Shakespeare's native county of Warwick. The poet was thoroughly familiar with all the details of the great noble's life, and on his death may have thought it a fit subject for a poem, if not for a drama. This is, urges Dr. Mackay, "if not certain, extremely probable," and will be found in the sonnets beginning with *xlvi*, *lvii*, *lviii*, and ending with *cxl*.

Assuming that his position is the correct one, Dr. Mackay traces the career of Leicester as depicted in the Sonnets. In the forty-ninth the Earl doubts of the permanency of the favors shown him by the Queen—and it will be noted that they are all written in the first person—

" Against that time, if ever that time comes,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects ;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye."

In the fifty-seventh is found the "feelings of a lover toward a woman high above him in rank, station, and power :"

" Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire :
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign ! watch the clock for you."

As the Earl grows older he gives utterance to his remembrance of his youthful beauty in the lines,

" But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self so self-loving, were iniquity.
'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days."

In the next sonnet, the sixty-third, his increasing age is dwelt upon in equally sad language :

" Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn ;
When hours have drain'd his blood and filled his brow
With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthful morn
Hath travel'd on to age's sleepy night."

The same melancholy runs through the entire series, reaching its climax in the seventy-first, and coming to an end in Sonnet *cxl* :

" Be wise as thou art cruel. Do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain,
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so,
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know ;
For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee ;
Now this ill-wrestling [resting ?] world is grown so
bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears deceived be.
That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart
go wide."

Perhaps the Doctor grows theoretical, and his laudable desire to furnish a complete key to the Sonnets has led him astray. But, however this may be, he rests his theory on facts, not on fancies, and is both ingenious and reasonable. His classification is definite—save his fifth and sixth divisions, which contain miscellaneous sonnets, such as could not be placed in any of the others—and offers a satisfactory, if not convincing, explanation of the great difference both of manner and matter to be found in the Sonnets. In its crudest form his theory is this—that the Sonnets are a publisher's scrap-book ; a volume made up of stray pieces such as find their way into any printing office ; and as Shakespeare was the greatest living author, and as some of the sonnets were undoubtedly his, his name was placed on the title-page. It is a theory worthy of much study ; coming from so well

known an authority, and presented, as it is, in so careful a manner, it is destined to hold a prominent place in the history of the criticism of the Sonnets. It opens a field of inquiry to the younger students that bids fair to return a rich harvest of facts. It is in no sense a Baconian theory, for though it gives some of what are called Shakespeare's work to other hands, it leaves him with an untarnished reputation both as a man and as a poet. It leaves him the writer of matchless plays,

and takes away only a few sonnets of a style so poor, and embodying facts so disgraceful, as to make the most ardent lover of the man blush to call them his. But mere sentiment must not carry us over to Dr. Mackay's side; that is not the ground he urges, but simply a careful study of the text and of the times in which they were written. His theory is supported by the facts on which it rests, but it is yet too soon to pronounce definitely upon its truth.
R.

THOMAS MIDDLETON: ANNALS OF HIS CAREER.

157.—Thomas Middleton was the only son of William Middleton and Anne Snow. He was probably born in London, but the date of his birth is unknown. His father's arms were "Argent on a Saltire, engrailed Sables a Castle of the first," and his crest was assigned in 1568 by Sir Gilbert Dethick, Garter King-at-arms, as "On his Torse argent and sables an Ape passant with a collar about his neck and chain gold mantled argent double gules."

1593 or 1596.—A Thomas Middleton was admitted member of Gray's Inn in each of these years, one of whom was probably the dramatist.

1597.—*The Wisdom of Solomon Paraphrased* was published by Valentine Sims.

1599.—*Microcynicon, Six Snarling Satires*, by T. M., Gent, may be by Middleton.

1599, winter.—*The Old Law* was written by him, probably for the Children of Paul's. The date of this play is proved by the mention of the year 1599 in the text. It was altered by Rowley, most likely, c. 1622, for the Lady Elizabeth's Company, and finally revised by Massinger c. 1623-5 for Queen Henrietta's Men at the Phoenix. Thence it passed to Salisbury House in 1636. It was published in 1656.

C. 1600.—*The Mayor of Quinborough*, which is clearly an early work, was probably produced by the Paul's Children in this year. From them it passed, on their breaking up in 1607, to the King's Men, who acted it about 1624. The mention of *The Wildgoose Chase* was probably inserted at this revival. That some of the Paul's plays passed to the King's Men is shown by the instance of Beaumont's *Woman-Hater*.

1600-1.—*Blurt, Master-Constable, or the*

Spaniard's Night-walk, was acted by the Children of Paul's. It contains allusions to passages in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and probably *All's Well that Ends Well*.

Middleton now ceased to write for the Paul's Boys, and joined the Admiral's Men at the Rose. We usually find such changes of company indicated by the publication of plays produced at the older one. Accordingly *Blurt* was entered in S. R., June 17th, 1602, and published in that year. The following dates are from Henslow's *Diary*:

1602, May 22d.—*Cesar's Fall*, by Munday, Drayton, Webster, Middleton, and the rest (probably Dekker, compare the next entry).

1602, May 22d.—*The Two Harpes [sic]*, by Munday, Drayton, Webster, Middleton, and Dekker.

1602, October 3d.—Henslow's *Diary* has mention of "a play" for Worcester's Men. A suspicious entry.

1602, October 21st.—*Chester Tragedy*. November 9th, *Randol, Earl of Chester*. These are no doubt one and the same play, as the October entry is in "part payment," the November in "full," the two just making up six pounds, the usual play price at that date.

1602, December 14th.—For prologue and epilogue for play of *Bacon* (by R. Greene), at court, five shillings.

1603.—This is Dyce's date for Middleton's first marriage to Maria Marbeck, daughter to Edward Marbeck, one of the six clerks in Chancery. The true date may have been earlier. His only son, Edward, was born in 1604.

1603-4, January 3d.—*Father Hubbard's Tales, or the Ant and the Nightingale*, by T. M., entered in S. R.

Owing to the paralysis of my right arm, my writing is often indistinct, and it is to this cause that a number of misprints crept into my Ben Jonson article. The following should be noted: Under date 1597, for *Row* read *Rose*; 1598, for *Humour* read *Humours*; 1599, for *Burton* read *Beeton*; 1600, for *Burton's* read *Bretton's*; 1600, 1601, for *Barre* read *Burre*; 1601, for *Salathiel Parre* read *Salathiel Pavy*; 1603, for *Parcharis* read *Pandaris*; 1604, for *Pirates* read *Penates*; 1608-9, for *Queen* read *Queens*; 1611, for *Crambe* read *Crambe*; 1613, for *Coxe* read *Coke*; 1619, for *Viscount Casket* read *Vincent Carbet*; 1619-20, for *discussed the Moon* read *discovered in the Moon*; 1621, for *Bue* read *Buck*; 1621-2, for *Argus* read *Angura*; 1624-5, for *Paris* read *Pan's*; 1625, for *Ogh* read *Ogle*; 1625-6, for *matured* read *mentioned*; 1627, for *Mary's Sugar* read *May's Lucan*; 1630, for *Warren's* read *Warre's*; last column, for *Dover* read *Dowce*; for *heroe's* read *here's*.—F. G. FLEAY.

1603-4, March 22d.—*The Black Book*, entered in S. R.

1603-4, March 15th.—*The Entertainment given to King James* was enacted. Middleton assisted Dekker in this device.

1604, early in the year.—Middleton assisted Dekker in writing *The Honest Whore*, Part I. Middleton's share is the part in which Candido, the patient man, enters.

1604, before November.—Middleton wrote with Dekker *The Roaring Girl*. The date is proved by the allusion in it to *Westward Ho*. This play was revised by Dekker about 1610-11.

1604, November.—Middleton leaves the Admiral's Men and returns to writing for the Paul's Boys. The exact date is marked by the entry in S. R. of the *The Honest Whore* on November 9th, and by the production in the same month of *Michaelmas Term*. This play has been assigned by Dyce to a later date on the ground that the allusion to ladies at executions in II, iii, is to the execution of Sir E. Digby, on January 30th, 1606. But the month is fixed by Michaelmas Term "coming up from the country," and the year by the allusion to knaves wearing smocks, which implies a leap year; and no other leap year but 1604 is available, for 1600 is too early and 1608 too late, as the play was published in 1607. The allusion, "help to rip up himself, do all he can," etc., is not to Digby, but to Clarke, who was executed at Winchester, November 29th, 1604, for the Raleigh affair. He and Watson "were both cut down alive, and Clarke, to whom more favor was intended, had the worst luck, for he both strove to help himself and spoke after he was cut down." (Sir Dudley Carleton.) Their bowels were torn out while yet alive.

1605.—*The Phoenix* acted.

1605.—*A Trick to Catch the Old One* acted.

Both these plays were performed at Court, the last mentioned, according to the title-page, on "New Year's night last," i. e., in 1606-7. But the Paul's Boys did not act at Court in the winter of 1606-7. The only instance on record of their acting before James was in 1605-6, when they performed two plays, which must be these of Middleton's.

C. 1606.—*A Mad World, My Masters*, acted.

1606.—*The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street*, acted. The date of this play is fixed by the falling of July 15th on a Tuesday, III, vi. As to the authorship, it is palpably Middleton's. It is "signed all over." Among many indications I will only mention the phrase, "The bear at the Bridge-foot in Heaven," and the manner in which almanacs are referred to. These are exclu-

sively Middleton. The play was issued as "written by W. S.," which was certainly meant to induce the public to believe that Shakespeare was the author. George Pyebroad, the chief character, is only a synonym of G. Peele, and Shakespeare and Peale were known not to have been friendly after Greene's death. The play contains allusions to passages in *Twelfth Night*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Love's Labor Lost*, *Richard III*, and specially to *Pericles*, the date of which is fixed by that of this play as not later than 1606.

In 1606-7, the Paul's performances were suppressed and a new company of boys, called the Children of the King's Revels, was established. These performed at the Blackfriars Theatre and were possibly a continuation of the Paul's Boys Company under a new name. In any case, Middleton wrote for them. Of the Paul's plays, *The Phoenix* was entered in S. R. on May 9th, 1607; *Michaelmas Term*, May 15th, 1607; *The Puritan*, August 6th, 1607; *A Trick to Catch the Old One*, October 7th, 1607; and *A Mad World, My Masters*, October 4th, 1608. These entries were described by Chalmers as "licenses," and Collier, Dyce, etc., have ever since Chalmers' unfortunate statement erroneously reiterated the assertion that these plays were licensed, i. e., for performance at the dates above given.

1607.—*The Family of Love*, acted by the Children of His Majesty's Revels. S. R. October 12th, 1607.

1607.—*Your Five Gallants*, acted at Blackfriars S. R. March 27th, 1607-8. The date is further fixed by the new moon on Thursday, November 12th, mentioned in the play itself. *A Mad World, My Masters*, was also reproduced at the Blackfriars Theatre. From the entry in S. R. it appears that the Children of the Chapel, i. e., of the Second Queen's Revels, acted this play.

1607, November.—*A Match at Midnight*. This play has hitherto been supposed to have been written by W. Rowley, it having been published in 1633 as by W. R. But the title-page expressly states that it was acted by "the Children of the Revels," and there were no Revels Children after 1610. Moreover, from the play itself the date of production is fixed to a year in which November 6th fell on a Friday, which was the case in 1601, 1607, 1612, 1618, and 1629. The only year which suits the other indications is 1607. That the play is by Middleton is manifest from the style, the allusions, the characterization. But there is no difficulty in accounting for its being attributed to Rowley. It has palpably been altered for a revival, and that very carelessly. Allusions to the Battle

of Prague, newspapers, etc., have been inserted, and the name of the man-servant was changed from John to Hugh. This alteration was made c. 1622, no doubt by Rowley, as in the case of *The Old Law*. Hence the "W. R." on the title-page. This play may have preceded the *Five Gallants*.

A play called *the Puritan Maid, Modest Wife, and Wanton Widow*, by T. Middleton, was entered on S. R. in September, 1653, and a MS. with the same title was destroyed by John Warburton's servant. Whether this was identical with *The Puritan* or with *The Match at Midnight* may be left to the reader's consideration.

We now lose sight of Middleton for some years until

1613, October 29th.—*The Triumphs of Truth*. This was Middleton's first pageant in celebration of Sir Thomas Middleton's Mayorship and Hugh Middleton's New River. This indicates family influence, for A. Monday was the usual pageant maker to the city at that time.

1614.—*A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*. Approximately the date of this play is fixed by its being produced by the Princess Elizabeth's Men at the Swan. There was no Princess Elizabeth's Company till 1611, and they acted regularly at the Cockpit after 1616. Only during 1613 and 1614 are they known to have acted at the Bankside, when they played *The Chaste Maid* at the Swan and Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* at the Hope. The date is further indicated by the mention of the many good laws made for the regulation of the city, which distinctly implies 1614. This play is specially interesting as being the only Swan play that has come down to us. It was published in 1630.

1616, November 4th.—*Civilis Amor*. A pageant at the creation of Charles Prince of Wales.

We now come to the series of plays written in conjunction with W. Rowley:

1616-7.—*A Fair Quarrel* acted by Prince Charles' Company. Published in 1617, and again in the same year with "new additions." Middleton wrote I, i (part); I, ii; II, i, iii; III, ii; IV, ii, iii; V, i (part); Rowley the rest.

1614, June.—*No Wit, No Help Like a Woman's*. The date of this play, which is placed last of all by Dyce, is fixed by a passage in III, i. Weatherwise, speaking in "1638, when the Dominical letter is G," i. e., on the occasion of the reproduction of the play by Shirley with a prologue of his own at Dublin, says he has "proceeded in five and twenty such books of astronomy," i. e., almanacs. This gives 1614 as the first of the

twenty-five, and this year agrees with the other indications of date in the play, for in 1614 June 10th was on a Friday and the full moon fell on the 15th. The play was published in 1657.

1617, October 29th.—*The Triumphs of Honor and Industry*. The production of this pageant cost two hundred and eighty-two pounds.

1618-9, after Twelfth Night.—*The Inner Temple Masque, or Masque of Heroes*, was performed. Entered S. R. July 10th, 1619. By Middleton and Rowley. Acted by Prince Charles' Company.

1619, October 29th.—*The Triumphs of Love and Antiquity*. A pageant for Sir W. Cockayne's Mayoralty.

1620.—*The World Tost at Tennis*. A courtly masque. Dedicated to Charles, Lord Howard, and his lady, Sir W. Cockayne's daughter. By Middleton and Rowley. Acted by Prince Charles' Company.

1620.—Middleton was appointed Chronologer to the city. He and Rowley leave Prince Charles' Men and join the Lady Elizabeth's.

1621.—*The Changeling*. By Middleton and Rowley. Rowley wrote I, i, ii; III, iii; IV, iii; V, iii; Middleton the rest. Acted by the Lady Elizabeth's Men. Founded on Reynolds' *God's Revenge Against Murder*, I, iv, which was not published till June 7th, 1621 (S. R.).

1621.—*The Spanish Gipsy*. By Middleton and Rowley. Acted by the Lady Elizabeth's Men. This play, together with *The Changeling* (which is mentioned in it and was therefore produced first), and *The Fair Quarrel*, passed to Queen Henrietta's Men and belonged to the Salisbury Court Theatre in 1639.

1621, October 29th.—*The Sun in Aries*. A pageant. Middleton now left the Lady Elizabeth's Men and wrote for the King's Company.

1621-2.—*The Witch*. This play must have been written before the issue of *Macbeth* in the Folio, November 8th, 1623, in which two songs are referred to as if well known, which occur at full length in *The Witch*.

1621-2.—*More Dissemblers Besides Women*. Allowed by Sir H. Herbert without fee October 17th, 1623, as being "an old play" previously allowed by Sir G. Buck, i. e., before May, 1622; "old" simply means "already licensed," not new; it does not mean "of long standing" in Herbert's entries, as Dyce interprets it.

1622.—The alterations in *Macbeth* were made by Middleton.

C. 1623.—*Women Beware Women*. This and the preceding play were published together in 1657.

C. 1623.—*Anything for a Quiet Life*. Published 1662.

1623, October 29th.—*The Triumphs of Integrity*. A pageant.

C. 1623-4.—The revised version of *The Mayor of Quinborough* produced. The mention of *The Wildgoose Chase* shows that this revival was subsequent to 1621.

1624, August.—*A Game at Chess*. Suppressed on account of its satire against Gondomas, etc. It is strange that Dyce in his generally excellent account of this play has not pointed out that the White Knight is Prince Charles and the White Duke the Duke of Buckingham.

1624-5.—*The Widow*. After the disgrace which Middleton had incurred by *A Game at Chess* he seems to have avoided any further dramatic composition and to have left *The Widow*, at that time apparently nearly ready for the stage, to be brought out by Jonson and Fletcher. Hence the appearance of their names on the title-page. It is clear from internal evidence that they did no more than revise the play, Middleton being sole author. As to date, what Dyce says about "yellow hands" is not correct; they continued in fashion years after 1616, and his argument from the "imitation" in *The Honest Lawyer* is imbecile. It is not possible to say which author is the imitator. But in the play itself, besides an allusion to *The Scornful Lady*, which was revived in 1624-5, we find in II, ii, that Second Suitor "has been known for a busy coxcomb this fifteen years." I think this means that either Taylor or Benfield, who were both originally actors in *The Coxcomb*, now acted in the character of the Second Suitor. If not, why the mention of fifteen years? Exactly similar mention of *The Changeling* occurs in the *Spanish Gipsy*, and there are other similar instances in Middleton. On the date of *The Coxcomb* see my forthcoming paper on Fletcher and Massinger in *Englische Studien*, written a year ago.

1626, October 29th.—*The Triumph of Health and Prosperity*. A pageant.

1627, July 4th.—Middleton was buried at Newington Booths.

1628, July 18th.—His widow (Magdalen, a second wife) was buried in the same place.

It will be seen from the foregoing facts that there are three distinct periods in Middleton's work;—the first, from 1599 to 1607, during which he wrote for companies of children or assisted others in plays produced by

the Admiral's Men; the second, from 1613 to 1621, during which he accompanied the fortunes of Rowley; the third, from 1622 to 1625, during which he produced his best work for the King's Men. There is a break from 1608 to 1613, during which we know nothing of his life or his work. It will be found when we come to treat of Rowley that exactly the same gap exists in his annals. Both these authors were probably engaged in writing for the Duke of York's Men from 1610 to 1612, as plays produced for this company during that time have perished. It was not till the death of Prince Henry and the elevation of Charles to the position of Prince of Wales that his actors attracted any considerable attention.

For the first time then in this paper have the plays of Middleton been arranged in such chronological order as to enable the student to examine the development of his method of work, an arrangement which Dyce pronounces to be "impossible," but one which will commend itself to all who read these dramas in the consecution now proposed. Dyce's own system, based on the most delusive of all methods, that of order of publication, is most unsatisfactory. And even for the more exclusively Shakespearian student, who does not care about Middleton further than regards his connection with the works of his greater contemporary, it may be a satisfaction to get rid of the old hypothesis of the anteriority of *The Witch to Macbeth*, a hypothesis which involved the legitimate deduction that Middleton and Shakespeare were rivals competing for the favor of the same company, to say nothing of the queer notion that Shakespeare was the imitator of so inferior a competitor. The truth is, that at the time where Shakespeare produced his masterpiece Middleton was engaged by a children's company to write satirical comedies against him, and that it was not till some six years after his death that access for the younger dramatist could be obtained to that company of actors, who were supported until 1611 by no writers of eminence except Jonson and Shakespeare, with very occasional help from Tourneur, Wilkins, Drayton, Lodge, and some others—some inferior writers whose very names have vanished from the annals of the stage. The success and popularity of Shakespeare is more fully displayed by this fact than by any other; from 1594 to 1610, he alone contributed about three-quarters of the plays which raised the company in which he acted to the highest position of all the companies in London.

F. G. Fleay

A STUDY OF "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

COLERIDGE says he is "convinced that Shakespeare availed himself of the title of this play in his own mind, and worked upon it as a dream throughout; that on no other ground can its merits be fully estimated." In fact, he regards the whole "as a sort of ideal dream." Dowden calls it a phantasmagoria." To this realistic poet the transcendent beauty of a midsummer night would have been empty indeed, if he could not have peopled it with the forms of those who maintained active relations with the times in which he lived, but which, seen through the maze of dream life, are as people of the imagination. But when in quest of truth we call facts to our aid, a light which deepens with every effort of investigation dispels the mist, and the motes of Shakespeare's day stand before us, poetized, immortalized, in its effulgence. Research reveals the fact that two or three passages, to which we shall allude, have been interpreted and accepted by commentators. But those writers appear to have assumed the hypothesis that these were designed simply to ornament, and were isolated instances rather than so many links to the chain half hidden in the shadows and beauty of dream and fairy-land.

That *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the most beautiful of allegories, was a natural outgrowth of the times, any one who will place himself in sympathy with the social life of the Elizabethan age will be convinced.

Though the scene is laid in Athens, and the characters are Athenian, the myths, the flora and fauna, are essentially English. Shakespeare's London was a walled city with gates, like Thebes; its air clear, fresh, sweet, and undefiled by the dust and smoke of coal; there was no din or uproar from manufactories; in the busiest portions of the city were fields and gardens. The Thames was a populous and fashionable thoroughfare, its crystal waters flowing through meadows, with oaks growing and flowers blooming upon its banks, and here, in harmony with the pretty mythology of the age, the fairies could sway among the blossoms, sleep on beds of thyme or rosemary, dance their mazes on the green, or hide in "acorn cups" under the shadow of the walls, close beside active, busy life. Dress was picturesque and varied and designated class, though distinctive grades of social position were not known. The studies of the alchemist and lectures on science attracted some few, but the theatre was not

only the popular place of resort, but the drama was the educator of the day, though women, except, perhaps, the citizens' wives, did not attend the public theatres. At this time there were no actresses on the English stage, the female characters being taken by boys. Satirical shafts were much in vogue and were used indiscriminately touching the fashions and follies of the day, or hurled at royalty and its favorites even in the presence of royalty itself. The stage would not be used by Shakespeare, the great teacher of the minds and morals of men, for a mere phantasmagoria or dream without basis or moral force. Every writer and thoughtful reader will recall to mind how he has turned in dissatisfaction or disgust from the finest worded creation, though fraught with sentiment, which had no principle to sustain it. At a glance *Midsummer Night's Dream* impresses us as a dream. Here is the Attic hero, the grand character of the play, associated in his exploits with the very gods themselves, coming into almost intimate contact with all classes of people. Here is shown the popular belief in fairies, who were supposed to guide and control the destinies of mortals, and faith in alchemy; the theatre is represented and the fashions of the day adopted and made merry over; and here the characters transpose themselves as in a dream. Yet there is no play in which Shakespeare reveals the subtlety of his genius as in this, where philosophy, poetry, superstition, satire, and humor are woven in so artistic and beautiful a fabric; but that here and there the work is overshot, the blending would render each intangible. That the play was written with a purpose we are forced to believe, not only from the fact that he took love, or love-in-idleness, for his theme, which he uses on other occasions to denote a love which surprises the indolent, but from Bottom's remark (II, i), where he tells Titania she has "little reason" to love him and concludes with, "and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days." There was a popular belief in love potions, most horrible decoctions, which Shakespeare poetized in having Puck make use of the fragrant juice of the "flower of the purple dye," the pansy or love-in-idleness. There is nothing more potent than idleness in misshaping destiny, and the old adage, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," is very prettily exemplified in

the effects of the love potion distilled from the flower.

One writer, mentioning Shakespeare's loyalty to Elizabeth, refers to what he calls a delicate compliment paid her maiden existence in the first part of the first act, where Theseus says to Hermia:

" * * endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, * * * "

It seems a doubtful compliment when we reflect that the allusion contains a religious sentiment which was the prolific source of the then recent sanguinary wars and present dissensions, and one that was pronouncedly at variance with Elizabeth's Protestant faith. Some one has suggested that the passage in I, ii,

" Since once I sat upon a promontory
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the seamaid's music,"

may have had reference to Mary, Queen of Scots, when a prisoner in the Castle of Lochleven. It may, however, have had reference to her when the happy sovereign of an admiring realm. The "promontory" may have been typical of the stern and craggy coast of Scotland overlooking the sea, where the mermaids are supposed to dwell, or it may have had reference to Mary's voyage from France to Scotland, and the bard, sitting on some fancied "promontory," is supposed to have heard the echo of the poetic and plaintive sentiment which possessed her and which has become historical through her "Adieu," written on that voyage. And as strengthening this hypothesis is the fact that "the rude sea grew civil at her song," which possibly reminds us that the ships Elizabeth sent to intercept her failed of their purpose. It may have been an allusion to Mary as the defender of her religious faith, or perhaps to her interview with John Knox. In the religious dissensions of that period Mary may be said to have represented her party, as John Knox did the Protestant party. Those extremes, she, with her smiles and tears covering her biting sarcasm, her soft and eloquent speech, her Southern grace, her warmth and loveliness; he, stern, icy, rugged, intrepid, rude. We may here, indeed, see her as "a mermaid on a dolphin's back, uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath" that the "rude sea" of dissent which surged around her sometimes "grew civil at her song."

When the jealousy of Elizabeth for the beautiful, gifted, and beloved Queen of Scotland was known, and the agonies she endured when told of the excellence of Mary's performance on the lute and the beauty of her voice in singing, it seems as though Shakespeare not only had little sympathy with his sovereign, but that his religious sentiment was one with, and his tribute paid to, Mary Stuart. In the first part of the second act the moral principle which runs through the play in an unbroken thread first becomes apparent where Oberon addresses Puck in the following language:

" That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shafts
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it love-in-idleness."

Halpine thinks (and is supported in his interpretation by the fact that Shakespeare was acquainted with the events to which he believes allusion to have been made in this passage) that "a fair vestal" refers to Queen Elizabeth, "Cupid all armed" to the Earl of Leicester. He recalls to mind the preparations made at Kenilworth for Elizabeth's entertainment, and one sees in imagination "the imperial votaress" resolutely putting aside every thought of wifehood that could tempt her to divide or relinquish her power and letting reason or ambition rule her life. "The bolt of Cupid" falling on a

" * * * * little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,"

and which "maidens call love-in-idleness," he supposes to refer to the Countess Lettice, wife of the Earl of Essex, who reciprocated Leicester's affection while her husband was absent in Ireland. "Purple with love's wound" he supposes to refer to her recognition of, or consent to, the murder of her husband by poison while on his way home. Having shown the deep crime in which love-in-idleness, or the indulgence of an idle fancy, can plunge all that was once beautiful and innocent, Shakespeare shows us how Titania, who so loved the "little changeling boy" that she would not part with him and could better endure coldness and separation from Oberon, being unwatchful, also falls a victim to love-in-idleness, and while under its power,

forgetting her tender devotion to the "little changeling," gives him up to Oberon. Demetrius and Lysander were both young men of fortune and leisure; they each fall victims to love-in-idleness, and through jealousy are eager to shed each other's blood. Notice how Lysander says, in the last part of the second scene of the second act,

"The will of man is by his reason sway'd,
And reason says you are the lovelier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season,
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason,"

trying to convince Helena that his affection, transferred from Hermia to herself, is the result of reason. No fickle fancy shows itself in the lives of the honest laborers, Quince, Bottom, Starveling, and others.

Having spent most of their time in labor, their leisure hours are passed in honest, healthful enjoyment. Titania, Demetrius, and Lysander show how the heart can desert an object eminently fitted to form its highest happiness, but to return when reason asserts its sway; and Shakespeare shows us, in the union of Demetrius and Lysander to the objects of their choice, that happiness or sorrow can result from the same emotion as it is rightly or idly given. Oberon and Puck, being fairies and in this instance taking upon themselves the quality of invisibility, might be looked upon as "trifles light as air," those circumstances which cloud or aid the exercise of right or reason. One objection which might be urged against the moral force of the play might be that none of the characters show remorse. But does the mass of mankind suffer remorse from its follies? Let us call up what might be allusions to incidents of the Elizabethan period, and see if *A Midsummer Night's Dream* becomes more intelligible. If we should suppose for a moment that Lysander was an impersonation of Lycester,* how forcibly the interview between the principal characters of the play in the palace of Theseus at Athens suggests a scene in the life of Queen Elizabeth—when Parliament remonstrated with her upon her continued maidenhood, or when, in the flower of her youth, a petition was presented to her by the Speaker of the House of Commons entreating her to marry. Her affections were with Lycester, to whom she was probably betrothed, and who had (I, i)

"Stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets, * * * * rings,
Gauds, conceits, knacks, trifles,"

magnificent jewels, befitting her royal station. All other suitors were too old or too

young; she intended to keep her vow of "marriage to the realm" which she made with her coronation ring, and her subsequent answer, "The aspirations toward honor and greatness which are in me cannot suffer him as a companion and a husband," does not differ materially from Hermia's answer,

"Unto his lordship, to whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty."

We have already alluded to the difference in religion between Shakespeare and Elizabeth, and to the religious dissensions of the times and the sad and tragic story of the union of Lycester with the Countess Lettice. How forcibly Lysander recalls to us, when he gains Hermia's consent to a secret marriage (I, i)—"Steal from thy father's house," and he will shelter her in his aunt's house, "seven leagues" from Athens; "to that place the sharp Athenian law cannot pursue us"—the fact that Lycester, through fear of his sovereign's displeasure, concealed his marriage with the Countess Lettice, and when discovered by her father and compelled to publish it he suffered from the anger and reproach of his sovereign.

Elizabeth and the Countess might be considered as Hermia and Helena, the characters at times being transposed, and also Lysander and Demetrius as Lycester and the Earl of Sussex. And forcibly do the rivalries of the two former gentlemen and their desire to slay each other in this midsummer time recall to us the brawls of Lycester and Sussex; how, through jealousy, one for the honor of, the other in his love for, the Queen, feeling between them ran so high that during one summer neither of those lords ventured abroad without armed followers, and the disturbance was only quelled by the command of their sovereign. Lysander returns to his first love, though he has sworn to love Helena, and Lycester returns in sentiment and loyalty to Elizabeth, or Hermia, though the most solemn vows have bound him to the Countess Lettice, or Helena. Again, the friendship between Hermia and Helena recalls to mind the pleasant feeling which existed between Elizabeth and the Countess, her cousin, the most beautiful of Elizabeth's maids of honor, before her marriage with Lycester, which marriage resulted in her permanent banishment from Court. She was never but once afterward admitted to Elizabeth's presence, when only a mock reconciliation took place, though Elizabeth dearly loved the son of Lettice, the Earl of Essex, who afterward fell under her displeasure. We might look upon Titania as Elizabeth, in this one instance where Puck says (II, i),

* We use the old form of spelling to show a greater similarity in the names.

"Because that she * * * * hath
A lovely boy stolen from an Indian King,
She never had so sweet a changeling,"

the "boy" being, perhaps, James VI, son of Mary Stuart, who was torn from her by Elizabeth at a tender age and placed under stranger guardianship.

"She never had so sweet a changeling,"

referring, perhaps, to her single state, or her vexation and lamentation when told that Mary had a "fair son," and Titania's remark,

"His mother was a votaress of my order,"

an allusion to Mary as cousin and claimant to the Crown of England. Theseus was intended, no doubt, to represent some one of the number of men of that age "whom fame has eternized in her long and lasting scroll"—some one who, Theseus-like, was a benefactor to his country. Halliwell thinks the words, "contagious fogs," "pelting rivers," "hoary-headed frosts," etc., contain an allusion to a cold, wet season, some others an allusion to the belief in the fairy mythology of the times, when it was supposed that the dissensions of the fairies could cause light, cold, or drought. To us the words (II, i),

"The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard;
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock, * * *
No night is now with hymn or carol blest, * * *
And this same progeny of evils come
From our debate, from our dissensions;
We are their parents and original,"—

recall the long, petty wars which embittered the last years of Elizabeth's reign, known as the "Hag's Wars," waged against the Irish by the English, when the "growing corn was destroyed and the houses of the wretched natives burned to the ground" by the English forces, hence this

"* * * progeny of evils come
From our debate, from our dissensions."

Bottom makes a pleasing allusion to the fashions of the times—when each barber asked

the young gallant, dressed perhaps in white, blush-colored, or crimson satin, with plumed hat, long satin or velvet lined cloak thrown carelessly around him, rapier at his side, and pointed-toed boots, what color he would have his mustache dyed, whether he would have the Spanish or Italian cut, and if he would have a love lock over his shoulder—when he says (I, ii), "I will discharge it in either your straw-colored beard, your orange tawny" (golden brown), "your purple ingrain" (brilliant-red, cochineal, which in its dried state is purple), "or your French-crown-color beard, your perfect yellow." The laborers, in selecting the tragedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, find their means for proper representation very inadequate, as actors did at that time even in the theatres. So the devices (V, i), to which they were compelled to resort, which would look like extravaganzas at this age, were only repetitions of explanations that were made upon the stage at that time to assist the imagination and the understanding of the play, though the representation of the sweet tragedy of *Pyramus and Thisby* was in itself a fine instance of an extravaganza. Shakespeare showed that he feared offense might be taken at the play when he said,

"If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have slumbered here,
While these visions did appear;
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon we will mend."

He confesses to having a "theme," an "idle" one, but assures them it meant nothing. He entreats the forbearance of the "gentles" or nobles, assuring them that he will mend his ways. This he repeats when he confesses to not having earned the "luck" to "scape the serpent's tongue." That he did mend his way is certain, for no epilogue contains so evident a fear of having committed offense, or so sincere a desire for pardon, as that contained in the epilogue of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Mary Stuart Coffin.

SHAKESPEARIAN CHARACTERS.

II.—LADY ANNE.

THE character of Anne, as Shakespeare has drawn it, casts a slur upon feminine nature which I am glad to believe the true historic Anne does not deserve. We cannot consider her apart from Richard, for our estimates of the two rise and fall together. Shakespeare evidently intended one as a foil to the other. Anne is merely a pipe for Richard to play upon and sound what stops he pleases. Shakespeare's Richard is an unmitigated villain and hypocrite, withheld by no ties of blood or friendship from any deed of darkness that would serve his advancement, guilty of all the crimes with which posterity has blackened his memory—the murder of Edward Plantagenet, of Henry VI, of his brother Clarence, the little innocents in the Tower, and of his own wife, Anne—relentless, remorseless, devoid of all kindly sympathies and affections, even that of filial reverence.

Remembering, also, that Shakespeare has gifted this malignant wretch with dwarfish stature, a hump back, withered arm, and halting gait, it seems well-nigh impossible that one so cut off from humanity could arouse any feelings of interest or admiration. And yet, such is the creative power of genius, we regard Richard with feelings akin to those with which we conceive of Milton's Satan—as a fallen archangel. We recognize his consummate ability both as statesman and soldier; we cannot help admiring the resolute will, the intrepid daring, that leaps straight at its purpose, spite of all obstacles, and compels success. We wonder also at the insight into character, the skillful diplomacy, the insidious eloquence, by which he obtained mastery over the minds of men—and of women, too—and wrought them to his will. And *thus* the character of Anne is molded, and the famous wooing scene invented to show these characteristic lineaments in their sharpest, strongest light. Shakespeare's Anne is a gentle, feminine being, well reputed of in early days for beauty and virtue, who seems to have made many friends and to have provoked no enemies. A loving wife, a tender and duteous daughter, a kind and affectionate aunt (we notice with pleasure her maternal love for the little Princes who stood between her and greatness), she seems to have possessed a kindly, sympathetic nature, easily moved to passionate sorrow, yet in which the higher womanly virtues of constancy and self-respect

were altogether wanting. Apparently without motive, for she appears destitute of ambition—an infirmity only of noble minds—even in spite of a deep-seated belief in the devilish character of her importunate suitor, she "is grossly led captive by his honey words." We can hardly believe any woman could have been so cozened. With what consummate art the tempter plays upon her personal vanity! A few dissembling looks, a few flattering expressions of admiration for her beauty and of love for herself, and she casts behind her the memory of her angel husband and his saintly father, and with God, her conscience, and *such* bars against her, accepts their murderer as her plighted husband! We reflect the scorn with which, even in the moment of conquest, her successful wooer seems to have regarded her. "Was ever woman in this humor wooed? was ever woman in this humor won? I'll have her, but I will not keep her long." She richly deserved the verdict pronounced upon Elizabeth after a similar scene of audacity and weakness—"relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman." We only do not hate her as we realize her fearful punishment. From the moment of her marriage remorse and fear seized upon her as their prey. Such a "woful welcomer of glory" was she that those whom she displaced pitied and did not envy her; the timorous dreams of Richard disturbed her rest; her only son, Edward, died in early youth; she lived in fear of poison when her life should be found inconvenient to her unscrupulous husband, and so died—by him cut off.

But the Lady Anne of contemporary history does not appear to have been such a libel on her sex. In accordance with the spirit of the times, which paid court to the reigning house by depreciating its defeated rivals, Shakespeare has cast more than just odium upon the hero of this drama. The truth appears to have been that Richard was an unscrupulous villain, but not more diabolical than other nobles of his age. We think the famous soliloquy in which he determines to prove a villain unnatural. Conscious of courage and capacity, "for his own good all causes gave way." With Macbeth, "he stepped in blood so far that should he wade no more, returning were as tedious as go o'er." There is no proof of his complicity in the murder of Edward or of the aged Henry, nor

aught but suspicion of his having steeled the heart of the King against Clarence, who was solemnly tried by his peers, the King himself being chief accuser. But, after all deductions made, enough crimes are still left to sustain Richard's evil reputation. Ample proof remains of his having instigated the murder of his nephews, for which, indeed, there was a powerful motive, wanting in the former instances, and popular indignation at the atrocity of this crime laid many others on his shoulders of which he was probably guiltless.

In proportion as we rescue Richard from the stigma of those deeds of darkness, as we restore him to human shape and comeliness, so Anne's conduct finds excuse. Richard was her early lover and had been ardently attached to her from youth. Clarence was unwilling for him to marry her, as in that case the estates of Warwick would not pass undi-

vided to him, and caused her to assume the disguise of a kitchen-maid in a remote corner of London, where Richard found her, and, with apparently no opposition on her part, soon after married her. "It is remarkable that no objection was made to their union on the ground of Richard's participation in the murder of her first husband, nor was she ever during her lifetime accused of insensibility or indelicacy on that account." Her violent death was one of those crimes which were wrongfully imputed to him. She languished and died of grief at the loss of her only son; and if Shakespeare was ever visited by ghosts, he must sometimes have seen in his dreams the pale countenance of Anne, reproaching him for having made her infamous to posterity and sacrificed her womanly dignity to dramatic effect, which demanded a contrast to the imperious, high-spirited Margaret, and the resolute, remorseless Richard.

Margaret Sakella Tucker

BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

SHAKESPEARE'S AND GREEK TRAGEDY.

II.

THE crimes and misfortunes that marked the history of the house of Atreus were the favorite subjects of Greek poetry and tragedy. Having furnished Homer characters and circumstances for the greatest of his poems, this family of the Atridæ were very familiar to the memories of the Greeks in the time of Æschylus. Their antiquity, that counted back many centuries, clothed them with mythical glory, while their consanguinity with the gods still further exalted them as the themes of song and story. In their terrible history Æschylus found tragedy ready made to his hands and only needing to be grandly set upon the stage. It was, indeed, a weird and tragical history: from Tantalus, the son of Zeus, down to his great-great-grandson, Orestes, each member of this family seemed ordained by fate, or driven by his own passions, to the commission of awful deeds. Tantalus slew his son Pelops and served up his body, a dish for the gods; but, though thus eaten, the son of Tantalus was miraculously restored to life to reign in splendor, yet fated to call down on his race the vengeance of Mercury by the murder of his son Myrtilus. This vengeance was accomplished by a terrible dissension between the sons of Pelops, Atreus and Thyestes, the latter se-

ducing the wife of the former, who in revenge slew the twin offspring of their adultery, and, copying from his grandfather, Tantalus, served them at a banquet to the seducer. Then Atreus married the daughter of Thyestis, his niece Pelopia, who had a son by her own father. This child, Ægisthus—exposed to perish, but miraculously preserved—became the cause and abettor of the murder of Agamemnon, the son of Atreus by a later marriage, after having seduced the wife of that chief of the Greeks while her husband was absent at the siege of Troy. The murder of the King of the Argives was done by the hand of his wife, Clytemnestra, who struck a dagger into her husband while his arms were entangled in a garment of which she had sewed up the sleeves and while he was in a bath. This murder was avenged by Orestes, the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, who, in obedience to the commands of Apollo, killed his own mother and Ægisthus in punishment for their crime against his father. The triple killing of Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, and Ægisthus, and the subsequent punishment of Orestes by the Furies, make the themes of three out of the seven plays of Æschylus which have been preserved. This trilogy, for the three plays were performed together and are rather like acts of one piece than separate dramas, has been called the

Oresteia, from Orestes, the chief figure. Sophocles, too, in *Electra*, and Euripides, in *Orestes* and *Electra*, take up again the same characters and elaborate the same story. This terrible tragedy, thus set successively on the stage by the three great Greek tragedians, has a remarkable resemblance to the play of *Hamlet*, not only in the story itself, but in the characters, their relations to each other, many particulars of the plays, and the thoughts and poetry of the dramas. There are also many points of resemblance to *Macbeth* in the trilogy of *Oresteia*, in Sophocles' *Electra*, and in the *Orestes* and *Electra* of Euripides. Let us proceed to these points of similarity.

Orestes is placed in circumstances closely resembling those of the Prince of Denmark, as will have been noticed in the brief outline of the story just given. He is thrust out of his rightful succession to the throne of Mycenæ by a kinsman, who has procured the murder of his father, has married his mother, and assumed the regal state and title. This situation is exactly that of Hamlet; and Orestes is like the Danish Prince, too, in the fact that he is called on in a supernatural way to act as an avenger of his father. In Hamlet's case the supernatural agency is the ghost of the murdered King; in Orestes', it is the command of the god Apollo. In both cases there is a reluctance to act, but the supernatural cause is always urging them on. The ghost of Denmark's murdered King bids Hamlet,

"Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder."

In the *Electra* of Euripides, Orestes, referring to the slaying of his mother, exclaims:

"Zoxias, the prophet of Apollo's shrine,
Filled with an inspiration of the god,
Bids me go on, and censure shall stand still,
Nor touch mine act."

But there comes up a doubt in the mind of the Greek Prince:

"Might not some demon in divine resemblance
Have prompted this?"

Precisely in this way is Hamlet's thought:

"The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me."

Orestes would not have Ægisthus "die with pleasure," but feels it a duty to make death bitter to him. So Hamlet exclaims of his uncle at prayer:

"Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent;
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes."

In the relations of the Greek Prince and his cousin Pylades there is much to remind us of Hamlet and Horatio. Indeed, the similarity of Pylades to Horatio is often very close. Euripides' Orestes, comforted in his despair by his true friend, tells him:

"There is no better thing than a real friend:
Not riches—no, nor kingdoms; the applause
Of men is little in account when weighed
With the affection of a generous friend.
Thy wisdom guided me against Ægisthus,
And thou wast near me in my hour of peril.
Once more thou giv'st me vengeance on my foes,
And still art with me. But, perhaps, too much
I burden thee with an excessive praise.
I am Atreides' son, and in my death
No stain shall blacken his illustrious name;
But, king-like falling, with no slavish end,
My hand shall pull destruction on the heads
Of guilty enemies."

Compare this with Hamlet's eulogy on his friend Horatio; the spirit that actuates the speakers is the same.

"Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to-night before the King," etc.

It will be noticed that Orestes'

"But perhaps too much
I burden thee with an excessive praise,"

is very like Hamlet's

"Something too much of this."

There is a reminder of Macbeth, terrified by the blood of Duncan on his hands, when Orestes beholds, with equal or greater horror, the terrible Erynnis of his mother, and thus voices his "thick-coming fancies":

"Ah, ah, ye handmaids in the guise of Gorgons,
Oh! come not here in vestments black entwined
With densely woven snakes!"

Chorus. What fancies thus disturb thee, etc.?
Orestes. They are not fancies: they are agonies,
These hungry hell-hounds that my mother sends.

The last line but one brings up to our memories Hamlet's reply to his mother,

"Seems, madam! Nay, it is."

The resemblance of Euripides' Orestes to Macbeth comes very near when the Greek Prince, starting from his couch where he has obtained in sleep a short respite from his agonies, thus apostrophizes the spirit of slumber:

"O, precious balm of sleep, thou that relievest
Alone my malady! How pleasantly
Thou cam'st to me in my extremest need!
Oblivion divine of suffering,
How wise thou art, a goddess supplicated
By all in their distress!"

So Macbeth's:

"Innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

In Sophocles' *Electra* the chorus, seeking to still the heroine's lamentations over the death of her father, tells her:

"Thou can'st not raise thy father from the lake
Of Pluto's realm by shriekings nor by prayers:
It is the universal bourne of men.
Thou risest from a common grief to woe
Beyond all reason. Where is no release
From evil, wherefore is thy heart so fond
Of an intolerable misery?"

So in *Hamlet*, the Queen to her son:

"Do not forever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.
Thou know'st 'tis common: all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity."

And again, the King:

"'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father;
But you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow; but to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief,
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd.
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.'"

In much of *Electra*'s lamenting the murder of her father and her own helplessness to avenge it, she anticipates something of Hamlet's soliloquies on the same themes. But she has a firmer soul than the Prince of Denmark and an unclouded brain. She is capable of laying plans of vengeance, and, if not

of effecting them with her own hand, yet of looking on with unrelenting eyes while they are performed. She exhibits very fully that persistence of purpose which Hamlet lacks, and her firmness is more assured than her brother's, being, perhaps, an inheritance from her audacious and resolute mother. When Orestes flinches, she taunts him:

"Do not, through cowardice, become unmanly."

This is exactly Lady Macbeth's spur to her husband's faltering resolution, when she makes the same reflections on his courage and manhood:

"Art thou afraid

To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?"

Macbeth. Prithee, peace;
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady Macbeth. What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;" etc.

Queen Clytemnestra is only like Queen Gertrude in the love she bears her husband's murderer. She has a tempestuous disposition and an audacity of temper and wickedness that goes so far beyond the Queen of Denmark as to make comparison scarcely possible.

"Like mountain lioness amidst the thickets
And branches of the oaks she kills her prey."

Her bold, passionate, vehement nature has, in dramatic literature, its nearest resemblance in Lady Macbeth. The Greek Queen has no love for her children, Orestes or Electra. The affection she professes for Iphigenia seems rather assumed as an excuse for her crime, which she really perpetrated for the sake of preserving her guilty relations with Ægisthus and preventing her own punishment for infidelity to Agamemnon. She is like the wife of Macbeth in her total disregard to the promptings of conscience and in the majestic dignity of her wickedness. The appearance of her ghost, hounding on the Furies to pursue her son, is a terrible picture that recalls, although all unlike it, the dreadful sleep-walking of Lady Macbeth. There are no situations in English dramatic literature more terrible than where Lady Macbeth listens in the court while her husband is doing murder in King Duncan's chamber, and the frightful interview between them when he descends, having "done the deed;" but these scenes have a parallel in the tragedy of *Agamemnon*, when mad Cassandra, having refused the Queen's entreaties to enter the

palace, waits without the gates and gives utterance to her dreadful prophecies and announcements of the crimes that have been done, and are doing, within. Then is heard the King's dying cries as he is struck by his demon wife, who comes forth red-handed to justify her deed.

Lady Macbeth receives into her castle her guest, King Duncan, with labored welcome and a profusion of hypocritical words, having already, in her unrelenting heart, doomed him to death :

"All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house; for those of old
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits."

And again :

"Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure
Still to return your own."

Queen Clytemnestra, with murder in her heart, meets her husband, returned after ten years' warring against Troy, with a profusion of protestations that betray their hypocrisy by their wordiness :

"I shame not here to tell ye, men of Argos,
How much I love my husband; how intolerable
Was life with my Lord Agamemnon absent
Beneath the walls of Troy. Ah! desolate
I sat without my mate while messengers
Brought evil tidings, making ill more ill.
So was my heart pierced with as many wounds
As was my husband's in their false reports;
And had he died as oft as I was told,
Like Geryon's fall had been Atreides' end.
At each sad tale I wooed the arms of death;
And then as often was I rescued thence.
In me the fountains of my tears were stopped,
Exhausted by my weeping, and my eyes
Were marred by watching, while forever burned
The lamp that waited for my lord's return.
In dreams the buzzing gnat told me of grief,
And then I waked.—But these sad things are past.

"What shall I call thee, husband, that art all?
Protection surer than the watch-dog's guard;
A safer guide than helm to sea-beat ship;
Stronger support than pillar to the roof;
A dearer hope than child to parent's heart;
A fairer land than greets the seamen's eyes
After long voyaging on tempestuous seas,
More beautiful than sunshine after storm;
More welcome than sweet spring to thirsty men—
All these and more, in one fond name embraced,
My husband!"

And this deluge of poetical images while her hand, under the folds of her dress, was clutching the dagger destined for her husband's heart.

The Furies of the Greek plays have something of the significance of the Weird Sisters in *Macbeth*. In each case they are symbols of the passions and instincts of the heart. The Furies mean the pangs of conscience, and the Weird Sisters, temptation. Both in Greek and English they are depicted of frightful aspect; because temptation to sin and the remorse that follows its commission are alike ugly. In both these cases the images are highly dramatic in their effects; and, as dramatic agents, may certainly be said to present points of resemblance; so much so, that the Greek figures may be fairly considered suggestive of their English successors.

The *Oresteia* and *Hamlet* have for their moral the same general truths: vengeance is not for man to wield; it is a thunderbolt that only the hand of God can guide. The punishment of offenses has been assumed by men for their protection. To a certain degree this is necessary; but when the soul recoils in startled horror at the thought of the act of retribution that it purposes, as did Orestes', it is the protest of nature, a Divine sign that the human creature is going beyond his prerogative.

The Greek Orestes is less interesting as a dramatic figure than the Hamlet of the English play. He is merely the typical Greek, who submits blindly to fate, and goes on to his dreadful deed with only a faint murmur of outraged nature against the Divine commands imposed upon him. He has determination and that cool power of execution termed manhood; his brain is clear, and his purpose steadfast until the act is accomplished to which he has been divinely called.

But all this is different in the highly intellectual nature and exquisitely nervous temperament of the Prince of Denmark. The latter is more out of place in that rude, semi-barbarous Danish court, than are the cannon that celebrate the orgies of the King; he belongs to a different age and surroundings. This makes his situation more interesting than that of Orestes; but the dramatist has gone farther, and added a wonderful touch of his art. He has given this brilliant creature, already unfitted by the organism of his heart and brain for the duty of an avenger, an infirmity of intellect that, while it does not prevent the flashing forth of his marvelous powers, yet utterly destroys their usefulness, and surrounds him with an atmosphere of mystery and pathos that have made his character and development the master-piece of dramatic art.

William Leighton Jr.

READING TABLE, No. 4.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

This Table, compiled from the "Globe" Edition, shows when, and how many lines each character speaks.

Boys, Pages, Prologues, Epilogues, Choruses, Fairies are classed with the female characters.

Most of the discrepancies between the totals of the Scenes in this Table and those in the "Globe" are accounted for by the following:

(a) Where a line of verse is divided between two or more speakers, each speaker is in this Table credited with a full line.

(b) Where two or more persons speak together the same words, each of the speakers is in this Table credited with the words.

In the other instances the counting of the "Globe" is wrong.

Total No. of Lines.	CHARACTERS.	I		II		III		IV				V
		I	2	I	2	I	2	I	2	3	4	I
143	ÆGEON	110	33
91	DUKE	48	43
1	GAOLER	1
15	1ST MERCHANT . . .	15
279	ANTIPHOLUS OF S. . .	55	..	84	..	86	27	5	..	22
248	DROMIO OF S. . . .	2	..	67	14	62	16	25	44	7	..	11
161	DROMIO OF E. . . .	33	32	..	30	..	1	44	..	21
212	ANTIPHOLUS OF E.	47	..	48	44	..	73
26	BALTHAZAR	26
77	ANGELO	2	10	34	31
34	2D MERCHANT	11	23
13	OFFICER	3	10
12	PINCH	12
15	SERVANT	15
260	ADRIANA	55	63	2	..	34	..	31	..	75
96	LUCIANA	30	8	..	36	..	10	..	5	7
8	LUCE	8
35	COURTEZAN	26	6	..	3
73	ABBESS	73
1799		159	105	117	222	129	194	113	69	97	164	430
1778	Actual No. of Lines	159	105	116	221	123	190	113	66	97	162	426

In Scheme for arranging the parts with seven ladies omit Courtezan.

L. M. GRIFFITHS.

Contributors' Table.

JOHN PAYNE COLLIER'S LIBRARY.

ON August 7th, 8th, and 9th, 1884, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, of London, sold at auction the library of the late John Payne Collier, the well-known editor of Shakespeare.

The catalogue embraced one thousand and forty-eight lots, and the books in almost every instance contained MS. notes by Mr. Collier. The number of presentation copies was very large, and in many cases autograph letters from the authors accompanied the books.

Of the Folio editions of Shakespeare the only copy in the library was the third edition, 1664. The portrait, verses, title-page, and last two leaves were supplied in MS., and there were also other imperfections in the volume. It contained several interesting MS. notes by Mr. Collier. An uncut copy of the 1808 reprint of the First Folio, Lionel Booth's reprint (1862-64), and the small photo-lithographic fac-simile, with introduction by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps (1876), were also in the collection.

The catalogue gives the title of a quarto edition of *The Taming of the Shrew* as of 1607, but it really appears to have been the edition of 1631. The title-page was wanting, and the head-lines had been cut into in binding. Lithograph fac-similes of *Hamlet*, 1603, and *Hamlet*, 1604, of which only forty copies were printed, at the expense of the Duke of Devonshire, were in the library, as were also Timmins' reprints of the same quartos from the Duke's copies (1860).

The collected editions of Shakespeare's works embraced Rowe's edition (1709), Steevens' *Twenty Plays* (1766), Capell's edition (1767-68), Malone's *Variorum*, edited by Boswell (1821); Campbell's edition (1838), Knight's Library Edition (1842-44), Collier's first edition (1842-44), his own working copy, containing numerous emendations and notes in MS.; Singer's edition (1856), Dyce's first edition (1857), Collier's second edition (1858), with large MS. additions; Dyce's second edition (1864-67), Dyce's third edition (1877), and Furness' *Variorum* (1871-1880), with Mrs. Furness' Concordance to the Poems. The latter were presentation copies, and contained several autograph letters from Mr. Furness and his lamented wife.

Collier's last edition of Shakespeare, published in eight volumes small quarto (1875-77), was represented by two imperfect copies. Of this work only fifty-eight copies were printed for subscribers, and owing to the loss of some copies in the mails, etc., there are probably not more than fifty perfect copies in existence. It will always be the rarest of all modern editions of Shakespeare. In fact, it is really a far rarer book than the First Folio, for many more than fifty copies of that book are in existence, and it has been several times reprinted and reproduced in fac-simile.

Mr. Collier edited a great many works, besides writing and compiling a host of others, and these were all represented in his library. Commencing with his *Poetical Decameron* (1820), the *Five Old Plays* (1828), that he edited as a supplement to Dodsley, etc.; the *History of English Dramatic Literature* (1831), with many MS. additions; another copy on large paper—one of six printed; *New Facts* (1835), *New Particulars* (1836), and *Farther Particulars* (1839), all Shakespearian pamphlets; *Shakespeare's Library*

(1843), *Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays* (1853), with a large quantity of MS. notes by Mr. Collier and cuttings from newspapers; *Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language* (1865), *Catalogue of Early English Literature at Bridgewater House* (1837), *Book of Roxburghe Ballads* (1847), *Trilogy*, only twenty-five copies printed for private circulation (1874), accompanied by autograph letters from Lord Coleridge, J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, Dr. Horace Howard Furness, Dr. C. M. Ingleby, A. B. Grosart, etc.; a wonderful copy of the second edition of the *History of English Dramatic Poetry* (1879), with a large number of portraits, autograph letters, title-pages, scarce views, frontispieces, etc., inserted, and *An Old Man's Diary* (1871-72), privately printed, and only twenty-five copies issued. This copy contained autograph letters from Lord Ellesmere and Sir A. Clifford, the Duke of Devonshire and Charles Lamb (thanking him for the *Decameron*), a document in the handwriting of King Charles I.; letters from Lord Lytton, S. T. Coleridge (thanking Mr. and Mrs. Collier for their invitation, and hoping that "no unforeseen accident will prevent him from availing himself of it," etc.); letters from T. Campbell, John Poole (author of *Paul Pry*), John Forster, G. Coleman, J. S. Knowles, Sir R. Peel, Charles Kemble, etc.; a poem by T. Moore, in his own handwriting; letters from Macready, J. Mitford, Alexander Dyce, Charles Dickens, etc.; an unpublished song by Dickens, entitled "Sweet Betsy Ogle," containing seven stanzas; another song by the same author; a very interesting letter from Charles Lamb to J. Collier (the father of J. Payne Collier), stating that "Mrs. Collier has been kind enough to say that you would endeavor to procure a Reporter's situation for W. Hazlitt," etc.; letters from W. M. Thackeray to Mr. J. Payne Collier, in which he asks for Mr. Collier's influence in getting the position of correspondent from Constantinople to *The Morning Chronicle*; a letter from Leigh Hunt, and another from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Collier, dated Abbotsford, August 27th, 1831. In it he thanks Mr. Collier for some books he had sent him, and says: "I should long since have assured you of this, but my medical friends, till of late, have restricted me chiefly to vegetables and water in point of diet, and in my studies are not desirous I should go beyond 'Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper.'" The copy was further enriched by numerous MS. additions to the body of the work by Mr. Collier.

There was a complete set of the privately printed Reprints illustrative of old English literature, issued by Mr. Collier, comprising ninety-eight in all. Of these in some cases only twelve copies were printed, and of none more than twenty. They have now become exceedingly rare.

Of works relating to the drama there were a great number, and most of the old dramatists were represented by the best editions, in many cases presentation copies with autograph inscriptions. Here were *Beaumont and Fletcher*, edited by Dyce (1843-46); *Ford*, edited by Gifford (1827); *Greene*, edited by Dyce (1831); *Marlowe*, edited by Dyce (1850); *Peele*, edited by Dyce (1829); *Ben Jonson*, the First Folio (1616-40); *Massinger*, edited by Gifford (1813), and *Shirley*, edited by Gifford (1833).

There were three editions of *Chaucer*, all in black letter, dated respectively 1532, 1598, and 1602. Mere's *Palladis Tamia*, *Wit's Treasury* (1598), wanting title-page, was in the library, and a great number of rare and curious old works relating to the drama and old English poetry.

A very interesting copy of Montaigne's *Essays* (1603), bound in old gilt calf, with the royal crown repeated four times on each side, was formerly in the library of King James I., and formed one of the gems of Mr. Collier's collection. On the title-page there was the autograph "JAMES R.," and the following verses in his handwriting were at the end of the volume:

"Here lyeth I nakit, to the anatomie
Of my faill hairt, o humane deytie
O tryst the almyctie, loyk the almyctie woird
O put one me thy rob, as gushlum lorde
Thou putist one myne, me in thy bloid beleive
And in my soull, thy secreit law ingraue."

Then there was the famous copy of Cooper's *The-saurus Lingue Romane et Britannice* which was believed by Mr. Collier to have belonged to Milton. It was dated 1573, and contained more than fifteen hundred MS. notes, etc., in Milton's supposed handwriting. Mr. Collier wrote an account of it for *The Athenæum*, which that journal published October 23d and November 13th, 1875.

As before stated, the number of presentation copies was remarkable, and Mr. Collier's great age made him the connecting link between Shakespearians of the last century and this; still, it seemed odd to notice a presentation copy of Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare* (1807), and also Furness' *Variorum Shakespeare* (1880), in the same collection, both having been presented by the authors to Mr. Collier.

It is always a pity when a library collected by such a man as Mr. Collier is dispersed to the four winds of heaven by means of an auction sale. Such a collection should always find repose, after the death of him who collected the books, in some public institution, where it would remain forever as a monument to its former owner and a continual benefit to those who wish to consult it. But literary men as a rule are poor, and leave but little behind them except their library, and hence the necessity of selling their books after their death.

J. PARKER NORRIS.

"SHAKESPEARE AND GIORDANO BRUNO."

THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARIANA.

GENTLEMEN:—I have read with much interest your article on the above subject, which appears in the first number (November, 1883, p. 31), of SHAKESPEARIANA, as I think it throws light on the play of *Hamlet*, generally considered the most intellectual of the Shakespearean plays. Permit me to say a few words on this inviting subject. You mention that Dr. Herman Brunnhofer notes the influence which Bruno exercised on the Elizabethan dramatists, and that Dr. Benno Tschischwitz, in his *Shakespeare Forschungen*, suggests that the saying of Hamlet (II, ii, 182),

"If the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a dog kissing carrion," etc.,

is taken from Bruno's *Spaccio della bestia trionfante*, and that the author of *Hamlet* must have been acquainted with "the atomic theory" of the ancients. The early history of the "atomic theory" has been briefly sketched in our Professor Tyndall's celebrated

address at Belfast, in 1874, as President of the British Association, and though he omits all mention of the Egyptian Moscus, who was probably the earliest propounder of "the atomic theory," he records as fully as time would allow the principles of Democritus, who may be considered the most distinguished teacher among the Greeks, as Lucretius subsequently became among the Latins, of that theory; and Professor Tyndall specially notices that "Bacon considered Democritus to be a man of weightier metal than either Plato or Aristotle, though their philosophy was noised and celebrated in the schools, amid the din and pomp of professors. It was not they, but Genserick and Attila and the barbarians, who destroyed the atomic philosophy."

In the same way the Eleatic philosophy of Parmenides, which may be considered superior to that of Pythagoras, inasmuch as the existence of Deity is more true than speculations respecting "the transmigration of souls," may be found in that well known address of Hamlet (III, i), commencing, "To be, or not to be; that is the question," etc.

Inasmuch as neither Bruno's *Spaccio*, nor the fragments of Parmenides' poem *On Nature* which have come down to us, were known in an English dress at the beginning of the seventeenth century (Toland's translation of Bruno's *Spaccio* did not appear until 1713), it would seem to show that the author of *Hamlet* must have been acquainted with both Greek and Italian, as was the case with the learned Francis Bacon.

Now let us consider the probability of some connection between Bruno and Bacon during the visit of the former to England. Bruno remained at the Court of Queen Elizabeth from 1583 to 1586, as G. H. Lewes says, "in the interchange of great thoughts and glorious aspirations in the high communion of noble minds." Bacon, it is true, was only twenty-five when Bruno's visit terminated, but he had been called to the bar in 1581, and his near relationship to the all-powerful Cecils, with his early introduction to the Court of Elizabeth, made it probable that the two met when the latter visited England. Moreover, there is this fact in support of the supposition: Bacon during his splendid career at Cambridge, when only fifteen years of age, had written a famous essay adverse to the Aristotelian philosophy, then all-potent in Christendom, and so highly was it then regarded at Oxford that any graduate of the University who attempted to deny anything found in Aristotle was liable to a fine of five shillings (worth one pound sterling in the present day) for every point of divergence.* Bruno during his visit to England held a contest at Oxford against the champion of the Aristotelians, which is well described in G. H. Lewes' (the first husband of "George Eliot") *History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte*. Although the details of this contest are unknown to us, Bruno is said to have "declared that fifteen times did he stop the mouth of his pitiable adversary, who could only reply with abuse." Although such a statement by one who claimed to be a "doctor of a more perfect theology and professor of purer wisdom" should be received with caution, we may easily suppose that Bruno's victory over the Oxford champion was complete when we recollect that Bruno had received the Copernican system, and that the Aristotelians still adhered to the Ptolemaic. Hence, Professor Tyndall justly observes that the atomic philosophy, as interpreted by Bruno and Descartes, was "entertained either in whole or in part, by Bacon, Newton, and their successors." And

* So in 1624, nearly half a century after Bruno's visit to Oxford, and a quarter of a century after his martyrdom at Rome, the Parliament at Paris issued a decree banishing all persons who publicly maintained these against Aristotle. Five years later the same Parliament decreed that to contradict the principles of Aristotle was to contradict the Church of Christ!!!

it is equally true that "there is a pause in the scientific method from Archimedes to Galileo (nearly two thousand years). All the exhaustive researches of mathematicians culminated in Copernicus and prepared the way for Galileo and modern science. The tides of thought were setting from the pedantry of schoolmen to the originality of men like Bruno, who was succeeded and surpassed by Bacon in his true interrogation of nature, observation, and experiment."

Much more might be said on this subject; but I am afraid of having already trespassed too much on your time and space.

Your obedient and faithful servant,
BOWECHIER WREY SAVILE.
SHILLINGFORD RECTORY, EXETER, July, 1884.

SHAKESPEARE, N. HAWTHORNE, AND SCOTT.

I. HAWTHORNE AND "MACBETH."

I DO not know whether the similarity, certainly very striking, has already been pointed out between the influence of crime upon Macbeth and upon the hero of N. Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* (*Transformation*). In Donatello, as in Macbeth, the perpetration of a crime acts as a stimulus to his moral development. The simple-minded Italian is transformed from a "faun" to a man, Macbeth from a sensuous dreamer about crime to a conscience-stricken criminal. "A wonderful process," says Donatello's friend, Kenyon, "is going forward in his mind. The germs of faculties that have hitherto slept are fast springing into activity. The world of thought is disclosing itself to his inward light." It appears to me that Hawthorne must have made a special study of *Macbeth* before penning his epoch-making romance. In Miriam's pictures we find the key to Lady Macbeth's pitiable ruin. "She failed not," Hawthorne writes, "to bring out the moral that woman must strike through her own heart to reach a human life, whatever were the motive that impelled her." (Ch. V.) In the thoughts of Miriam's persecutor we find a parallel to Macbeth's own words as he listens to the prayers of the sleeping soldiers: "In this man's memory there was something that made it awful for him to think of prayer; nor would any torture be more intolerable than to be reminded of such Divine comfort and succor as await pious souls merely for the asking." (Ch. XI.) Miriam's words, as she looks at the murdered man, in whose death she has been instrumental, may be paralleled to those of Macbeth in the celebrated banquet scene, when he sees Banquo's ghost: "No," she cries, "thou shalt not scowl me down!—neither now nor when we stand together at the judgment seat. I fear not to meet thee there." (Ch. XXI.) Her comment upon the deed to which she incited Donatello may be placed beside that of Lady Macbeth's. "Forget it! Cast it all behind you! The deed has done its office and has no existence any more." (Ch. XIX.) I have not added the passages from *Macbeth* that these words recall; it would, I think, be unnecessary. I add three more verbal echoes, appending the original passages.

Hawthorne:

"[It is, e., Miriam's hand] looks very white; but I have known hands as white which all the water in the ocean would not have washed clean." (Ch. XI.)

And again:

"Still he washed his brown, bony talons; still he peered into the vast basin, as if all the water of that great drinking-cup of Rome must needs be stained black or sanguine." (Ch. XVI.)

Shakespeare:

"What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red." (II, ii.)

The original passage of Shakespeare has produced two ideas. In the following passages the sense is recalled in one chapter, the actual words, and these certainly remarkable, in another:

Shakespeare:

Macbeth. What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning. Which is which?
(III, v.)

Hawthorne:

"It is necessary to put ourselves at odds with nature before trying to imitate her." (Ch. V.)

"Donatello, while it was still a doubtful question betwixt afternoon and morning, set forth, etc." (Ch. VIII.)

Such similarities as these are very interesting as showing the extent to which Shakespeare has been studied by the greater masters of fiction.

II. SCOTT AND "RICHARD II."

It is no piece of news that Sir Walter was a diligent student of his great predecessor. *The Bride of Lammermoor* is a cento of Shakespearian situations. The position of Edgar Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton, the scions of two houses at deadly enmity, recalls the similar situation of Romeo and Juliet. Lady Ashton is a very Lady Macbeth to her pusillanimous lord. Edgar Ravenswood's interview with the old sexton, in Ch. XXIV, has often been compared with Hamlet's conversation with the gravediggers.

In the present note I propose to explain a much disputed character in Shakespeare by the light cast upon it by Scott's parallel creation. There are few characters in Shakespeare of greater subtlety and difficulty than his Richard II. When we study it, our object is not to find out what was the character of the historical Richard of Bordeaux, a subject of equal difficulty ("His personal character," writes Bishop Stubbs in his *Constitutional History*, "is throughout the reign a problem"), but to seek if possible to discover in what light Shakespeare read it. In the page of history, Richard aims at the recognition of a theory of absolutism, and his reign was the decision of a great struggle, a pitched battle between absolute government and the cause of national right. If he failed, it was not from weakness, but from his love of revenge, from his unwisely yielding to fits of frenzy, under the influence of which he was blind to his true interests. In Shakespeare, Richard is a believer in his divine right; with him it is a religion that misleads him; but he is essentially a weak man, or, rather, a feminine nature, such as Sir Walter Scott describes in his character of Rowena. I shall never believe that the novelist was not thinking of Shakespeare's Richard as he wrote the following words. At any rate, they are an admirable explanation of the miserable collapse of Richard at the end of the play:

"Accustomed to see the will of all, even of Cedric himself (sufficiently arbitrary with others), give way before her wishes, she had acquired that sort of courage and self-confidence which arises from the habitual and constant deference of the circle in which we move. She could scarce conceive the possibility of her will being opposed, far less that of its being treated with total disregard. Her haughtiness and habit of domination was, therefore, a fictitious character, induced over that which was natural to her, and it deserted her when her eyes were opened to the extent of her own danger, as well as that of her lover and her guardian; and when she found her will, the slightest expression of which was wont to command respect and attention, now placed in opposition to that of a man of a strong, fierce, and determined mind,

who possessed the advantage over her, and was resolved to use it, she quailed before him." (*Jeanhoe*, Ch. XXIII.)

We know, as a matter of fact, that she burst into tears, just as Richard himself proposed to do. The difference between Shakespeare's Richard and the real Richard will be felt if I quote part of a letter written by Charles I, another Richard, to Prince Rupert, after the fatal battle of Naseby; it comes from Clarendon. Charles writes:

"Speaking either as to mere soldier or statesman, I must say there is no probability but of my ruin; but as to Christian, I must tell you that God will not suffer rebels to prosper or His cause to be overthrown."

R. W. BOODLE.

MONTREAL.

SHAKESPEARE BIBLIOGRAPHY.

DEAR SIRS:—Wishing to bring before your readers the good work of Mr. Albert Cohen, a work with which I have only lately become acquainted, but of which I have frequently found the want, I think I cannot do better than ask you to reproduce the note of my Shakespearean friend, S. Timmens, of Birmingham. This note appeared in *Notes and Queries* for April 26th, 1884, and as it says all that I would say I leave it to your readers. Yours, etc.,

BR. NICHOLSON.

LONDON, July 25th, 1884.

As the Shakespeare anniversary (April 23d) has just been reached, may I ask the readers of *Notes and Queries* to assist in the continuance and completion of an important and interesting Shakespearean duty? Many readers know that the German Shakespeare Society of Weimar has recently issued its eighteenth annual volume, edited by my friend, Professor Dr. F. A. Leo, of Berlin, and containing many very valuable and learned papers illustrative of Shakespeare plans. Since the year 1871 an annual bibliography of contemporary literature has been given, principally, if not entirely, through the large knowledge, extensive connections, and untiring industry of Mr. Albert Cohen, of Berlin. The list for 1881-2 fills thirty closely printed pages, giving the full titles of all the new editions of works, separate plans, and Shakespeariana generally, including even magazines, newspapers, notes in *Notes and Queries*, *Academy*, *Athenæum*, etc. This is done not only for English literature, but for German, French, Italian, Danish, Finnish, Greek, Dutch, Icelandic, Portuguese, Roumanian, Russian, Hungarian, and Flemish. The extent of these Shakespearean publications and references is wonderful, but could doubtless be greatly extended, so I wish to ask the American and colonial readers of *Notes and Queries* to assist Dr. Leo and Mr. Cohen in making such a record as complete as possible, not merely as a mass of Shakespeare literature, but as a memorial of the world-wide fame of his genius and works. If readers in the United States, the British colonies and possessions, would take the trouble to add to this great Shakespeare cairn, a monument *are perennius* would grow year after year.

SAM. TIMMENS.

FILLONGLEY, COVENTRY.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE.

THAT time is hastening on is my warrant for recurring to the proposition of Mr. J. Parker Norris to honor William Shakespeare by opening his grave, and doing whatever modern science can to preserve whatever mortal is still to be found therein, where every passing day leaves less and less to venerate.

How much longer is this pious and patriotic duty of the English-speaking race to be delayed? We reverence the genius of Shakespeare, worship his works, erect great societies to discuss details of his life, times, and personality; and yet his actual bones are allowed to rot ignobly, because some cobbler, by an oversight, found occasion to scratch a heathen curse upon a stone that was to lie in a Christian pavement. It is ridiculous to suppose that Nineteenth-Century England can longer justify neglect of her greatest son on the strength of that wretched rhyme! I apologize for suggesting it, or supposing that there still survive in England good people who are really scared by a piece of anonymous doggerel. It was always a *bonne bouche* to outwit a wizard's curse. Lord Ronald Gower and Dr. Ingleby have shown how easy it would be to dodge this one by merely changing the gender or number of the "frend." Even, therefore, if it were ever proposed to "move" the bones from Stratford or from Trinity's custody (which it never has been, I believe), that rubbish would have survived its jurisdiction.

There is one further proposition to be considered. There nowhere exists a right to demand that succeeding generations shall respect any one man's sepulture. As against their neighbors indeed, the dead man's representatives may restrain encroachment. But as against the public, never. Otherwise civilization, posterity itself, would have to cease; for all earth is, or is to be, a graveyard. Nor could a spot be found not at some time a human grave. To be sure, the exact conditions have not yet arrived, Shakespeare's grave being still under a consecrated roof. But some day even Trinity, Stratford, will yield to the finger of Time, and what once was Shakespeare be desecrated. Even therefore if it be a desecration, is it not better for this generation—to which they mean so much, rather than for another, to which they may mean less, or nothing at all—to disturb those ashes?

One practical suggestion: I see Dr. Ingleby in his pamphlet describes himself as a "life trustee of Shakespeare's birthplace, New Place," etc. If, then, there are trustees of the Shakespeare properties and remains, is it not their duty to proceed, at once and instantly, to open, repair, and conserve the tomb? And if not theirs, is it not the duty of Trinity Parish? Probably not even a Stratford vestryman would claim that, after two hundred and sixty-eight years of utter neglect, no repairs are necessary!

It seems to me that it is not a privilege or a license, but a peerless and paramount duty, to open, repair, and restore that grave and sepulchre.

APPLETON MORGAN.

Notes and Queries.

[Correspondents and Contributors in quoting from Shakespeare's plays, should cite not only the acts and scenes but also the lines. The numbering of the lines should, in all cases, follow the Globe edition.]

THE REV. J. RANN.

CAN any of the readers of SHAKESPEARIANA give me any information concerning the Rev. J. Rann, A. M.? He was at one time Vicar of St. Trinity in Coventry, England, and edited an edition of Shakespeare, which was published in 6 vols. 8vo, 1786-94. The encyclopædias and biographical dictionaries are silent concerning him. Any details of his life will be thankfully received by
SIRRON.

NOTE ON RICHARD II. (I, iii, 148).

King Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce;
The *sly slow hours* shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;
The hopeless word of "never to return"
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

"Sly slow hours" is the reading of the Quartos and First Folio, corrected in the Second Folio to "fly slow." Malone has adhered to "sly slow" (suggesting "the thievish minutes as they fly"), and this is the preference also of the editors of the Globe Edition. To consent to retain this epithet would be to entirely overlook the connection in which it is employed. When thus combined the words "sly" and "slow," joined to "hours," neutralize each other and destroy what propriety there might be in the use of either when apart. If the "hours" are to be "slow" to Norfolk, they will assuredly not seem "swift" in their movement, and yet such would be the force of the word "sly" here, that is, "hours which steal time from us by their quiet, noiseless flight." These significations are, then, completely opposed to each other. "Sly," which applied to the hours of a man of pleasure, whose life is a round of unceasing variety and continual enjoyment, would be justly descriptive, is evidently misplaced in reference to the time of one whose "tongue's use" is to him

"No more
Than an unstring'd viol or a harp."

"Fly slow hours," on the other hand, is strikingly Shakespearian, and well applies to the future of an exile just sentenced to "speechless death."

Phineas Fletcher has used a similar expression, "My slow pac't houres" in his "Epistle to my ever honored cousin, W. R., Esq.," and even more forcibly confirmative is the following:

"I have so loaded the poor minutes with my moans,
That I have made the heavy *slow-paced hours*,
To hang like heavy clogs upon the day."
—*The Merry Devil of Edmonston, Dodsley's Old Plays, Vol. V,*
p. 236.
PHILADELPHIA. A. M. BEVERIDGE.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA (III, iii, 193).

Ulyss. 'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters. Ha! known!
Achil.
Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps *pace* with thought and almost, like the gods,

Does *hidden* thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery—with whom relation
Durst never meddle—in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expression to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord.

The old editions have "Does thoughts unveil," but the metre points out the omission, and "unveil" and the whole context suggest *hidden* as the word which has dropped out. The expressions, "*like the gods*" and "an operation *more divine*," may lead us to conjecture that Shakespeare had in his mind (Matt. x, 26), "For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and *hid*, that shall not be known." In *Cruces Shakespearianæ* I suggested,

"Does the thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles,"

but, independent of the imperfect metre, "*hidden* thoughts" is required by the *secret love* of Achilles to which the expression alludes.

The old editions have "keeps *place* with thought," which I endeavored to defend, but I am now convinced that *pace*, the reading adopted by Dyce, is correct, and that the sense is similar to Psalm cxlvii, 15, "He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth: *his word runneth very swiftly*," and I, iii, 93 of the present play,

"And *posts*, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad."

This is one of the attributes of

"The providence that's in a watchful state."

If "keeps *place* with thought" is retained, what follows is superfluous, for it would then be needless to unveil thoughts to a power that dwelt with them in their dumb cradles. It is to be observed that the Folio has a semicolon after "keeps place with thought," where modern editors place a comma, or, as the Cambridge editors, have no point. Compare with the present passage *Measure for Measure* II, ii, 90—

"The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:—
* * * * * now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be haich'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end."

B. G. KINNEAR.

LONDON, August, 1884.

"RICHARD II" AND "THE FAIRY QUEEN."

I FIND in *Richard II* a number of traces of Shakespeare's familiarity with *The Fairy Queen*. There is a striking similarity in the following descriptions of the "kingdome of Britaine:—"

"* * * * * this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war."

—*Richard II*: II, i, 40.

"* * * an island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare
And wall'd by Nature 'gainst invaders' wrong."
—*Fairy Queen*, Book IV, c. x, 6.

Shakespeare (a few lines further on) speaks also of

"* * * the silver sea
Which serves it in the office of a wall;"

and again (III, iv, 43),

"Our sea-wall'd garden, the whole land."

In Spenser we have it "the sea-wall'd fort" (IV, xii, 18).

In the following passage, the dramatist has incurred a debt to the poet:

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,
Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
In murders and in outrage, boldly here.

—*Richard II*: III, ii, 36.

"By this th' eternal lamps, wherewith high Jove
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent."
—*Fairy Queen*, Book III, c. i, 57.

Gaunt animates his son to the combat with Norfolk:

"And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy."

—*Richard II*: I, iii, 80.

In Spenser we have the battle in progress:

"And heaped blowes, like iron hammers great,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunder's threat."
—*Fairy Queen*, Book I, c. v, 7.

York, describing the manner of Bolingbroke's entry into London with Richard in his train, says:

"You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'"

—*Richard II*: V, ii, 12.

Spenser had used the same expression:

"And all the earth far underneath her feete
Was dight with flowers that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweete,
Ten thousand mores of sundry sent and hew
That might delight the smell, or please the viewe,
The which, the nymphs from all the brookes thereby,
Had gathered, they at her footstoolle threw;
That richer seemed than any tapestry,
That princes' boures adorne with painted imagery."

—*Fairy Queen*, Book VII, c. vii, 10.

I should be glad to learn of other instances of Shakespeare's knowledge of Spenser.

PHILADELPHIA.

A. M. BEVERIDGE.

The Drama.

TWELFTH NIGHT AND THE CRITICS.

THE fallibility of critics in general and of first-night critics in particular has received no more signal proof than is to be found in the great mass of criticism that has been written concerning Mr. Irving's interpretation of *Twelfth Night*. The unfavorable remarks that obtained so wide a circulation were, almost without exception, based upon the first performance. Yet they are not uninteresting if compared with the cooler and more just estimates that are based upon a more extended study of the play.

Two recent articles in two of the first of English magazines furnish in a marked manner an apt illustration of this difference of opinion, and tend to show the questionable value of the remarks of a first-night critic. One, in *Macmillan's Magazine* for August, is a brilliant and interesting article by William Archer; the other, not less entertaining, but, one cannot but feel, written in a much more just spirit, is by Edward R. Russell, in the *Fortnightly Review* for September. Both writers find two "notes" which underlie and support the play and form the basis of their criticisms. Yet while not conflicting, they are both different and show in what different lights these gentlemen view their subject. Mr. Archer finds the play to consist of two distinct elements—a fairy tale and a farce; Mr. Russell, on the other hand, regards the play firstly as an "incongruous mixture of bizarre eccentricity. The fabric is loosely held together—oddly woven. Its pattern is broken up." His second point is the "agreeable and noble representation of the relations between great people and their dependents."

With these remarks as preface, the writers proceed with their criticisms. Mr. Archer holds that the crud-

ities and absurdities that are found in the play are explained by the fact that it is a fairy tale, where "everything must be sensuous, nothing sensual." Before criticising Mr. Irving's interpretation, Mr. Archer remarks that as far as he is concerned he does not know Malvolio as he does Polonius and Jacques, and it is probably this circumstance that prevents him from understanding Mr. Irving's representation. He finds no fault with the elaborate setting which Mr. Irving used, but rather admires it, as "in *Twelfth Night* there is practically no action to be overburdened" with ornamentation. But though satisfactory in this particular, he justly censures Mr. Irving for omitting the music that is so essential to a complete rendering of the play.

Still adhering to his original division of fairy tale and farce, Mr. Archer continues:—"Four characters move through the simple figure of the fairy tale—Viola and Orsino, Olivia and Sebastian. About Miss Ellen Terry's Viola there is certainly a peculiar charm. It is not the Viola either of tradition or of imagination; it lacks warmth and color and soft youthfulness. As we first see her standing on the sea-washed rocks in the lurid sunset, her stately figure might be that of an abandoned Ariadne or an expectant Calypso; no one would ever suspect her to represent Viola. But when she assumes the white silk and gold-embroidered tunic, with the white mantle draped negligently over her arm, we feel that we are in the presence of an individual creation, if not the very Viola our fancy painted. This is a Viola not 'painted' at all, but delicately carved in alabaster. Shakespeare's Viola has certainly a greater store of healthy animal spirits than this delicate, sylph-like creature; but she cannot have a lighter, airer grace, or, on occasion, a more refined and yet incisive humor. It seemed to me that Miss

Terry's worst mannerisms, her love of studied attitude, and her singsong, ill-emphasized delivery of verse, had almost disappeared. It will one day be recognized, I think, that her Viola is a vast improvement on her Beatrice, and, in fact, the best of her Shakespearian parts."

Contrast this with Mr. Russell's estimate, who finds her even more perfect than does Mr. Archer: "Upon this character her sweet and happy idiosyncrasy has wrought an exquisite modification. Viola undoubtedly lies in most of our minds as an extremely sentimental person, the impression being chiefly derived from the speech, 'She never told her love.' In order to conform to this conception it was necessary to suppress any exuberant gaiety in those passages in which Viola is tickled by the thought that she, a woman, is about to be loved as a man by Olivia. Those who see Miss Terry in the part will be convinced by the most irresistible of demonstrations that Viola was rather one of those thoroughly healthy and happy young women who, while fraught with the capacity for loving and certain to be true in love, will scarcely pine grievously under their own love-troubles, or regard those of any ordinary woman as likely to be fatal. It is not very seriously of herself that she tells the story about concealment feeding on the damask cheek. She will not play patience on a monument unless the smiling at grief be very genuine. She feels the pathos of the story. Her frame quivers as she tells it to Orsino with lowered head, and his head presses upon hers in mere brotherly sympathy. But Viola is hearty though not heart-whole, and Miss Terry persuades us readily that the true Viola is one from whose gentle nature gaiety is not likely to be permanently estranged. A task more to her mind or more responsive to her gifts she has rarely undertaken."

Mr. Archer makes a number of criticisms on the subordinate parts which add much to the interest of his article. He finds Mr. Terriss "a most inadequate Orsino. The dreamy egotist, wrapped up in his fantastic passion, and luxuriating in the languor of its 'aromatic pain,' is quite beyond the conception, or at least beyond the powers of execution, of this fatally beautiful actor. His sins are mainly of omission—lack of largeness of manner and music of utterance—but at one point he is positively and painfully wrong, namely, in the bantering tone he assumes on the revelation of Viola's sex." As for the other characters in the "fairy tale," Miss Rose Leclercq, as Olivia, is "conventional, though not unpleasing," while Mr. F. Terry, as Sebastian, is "manly."

Mr. Archer's remarks on the figures in the "farce" are much more severe. He is far from being satisfied either with the personality of the caste or the interpretation of the parts. Mr. David Fisher, as Toby, "quite lacks the breadth and robustness of manner which are the first essentials for a part of the sort. Sir Toby is a large-limbed, large-bellied, large-voiced toper, certainly not past the fifth of the seven ages. To give him the least touch of senility is to strike at the foundation of the character, which surely consists of irrepressible, overmastering animal spirits. There is an incision in Mr. Fisher's manner, a lack of robustness and rotundity, absolutely fatal to its effect. Mr. Wyatt, as Sir Andrew, is even more unsatisfactory, so much so as to be almost impossible to criticise. Mr. Calhaem's failure as clown was due quite as much to the part as to Mr. Calhaem himself. Miss Louisa Payne's Maria was tolerable, but still far from what it should be."

It is with Mr. Irving, however, that Mr. Archer finds the most fault, probably because, being the director of the representation and a greater actor, he should know

better. As for Shakespeare's Malvolio, he is a Philistine, not a Puritan, and "the radical defect of his nature is a lack of that sense of humor which is the safety-valve of all our little insanities, preventing even the most expansive egotism from altogether inflating us." Mr. Irving's shows a man "self-sufficient, sternly formal, Jack-in-office to the life. The rebuke to the revelers was an excellent specimen of his artistic method, for not only was his playing good, but its effect was heightened by a marvelously spectral night-dress and a scenic arrangement which threw into relief the grim grotesqueness of his appearance. His soliloquy before finding the letter was addressed too much to the audience." In addition, his face had a tendency to assume an arch expression throughout the play, which, Mr. Archer claims, was contrary to Shakespeare's intention, save when Malvolio appears before Olivia in his cross-gartered yellow stockings.

It is with the scene in the dark room and the concluding one that Mr. Archer finds the most fault. He admits that they are peculiarly difficult, "but to treat them in a tone of serious tragedy is to introduce a discord so trying that it jarred even on the not very fastidiously critical ear of the Lyceum audience. There is a buoyancy of self-esteem about Malvolio which would necessarily prevent his collapsing into such a nerveless state of prostrate dejection as that in which Mr. Irving exhibits him, stretched on the straw of a dungeon worthy of *Fidelio*."

Very different, indeed, is the analysis given of this part by Mr. Russell. He has, indeed, little but praise, and, coming from his pen, it is important as showing that the statement, which has been copied by so many American papers, that *Twelfth Night* was a failure, is not only a gross exaggeration, but an untruth. He thus describes his first appearance: "Lean, lank, with self-occupied visage, and formal, peaked Spanish beard; dressed in a close garb of black striped with yellow, and holding a steward's wand, in the lightness of which there is something of fantastic symbolism, he steps on the stage with nose in air and eyes half shut, as if with singular and moody contemplation. He is visibly possessed of pride, of manners, and of intelligence. His pride, though intense, is not diseased until the poison-dish of imagined love has been presented to him and has begun its work. Irving's gait, his abstraction of gaze, qualified by a polite observation of his lady and a suspicious vigilance over his fellows, his sublime encounter with the fool, his sententious observation on everything in general, and the infinite gravity yet imaginative airiness of his movements, carry the Malvolio of Shakespeare to a higher point of effect, probably, than it has ever before reached on the stage."

Nor is his estimate of the scene in the dark room less favorable. He "becomes a pathetic figure. The language evidently requires to be delivered with all Mr. Irving's serious and significant earnestness. And so from the beginning, in his first speech, Malvolio distills the essence of that solemn wisdom over which jesters won easy victories. In his second speech he, as it were, recognizes the function of the fool, but pronounces him a barren rascal, not good at his business." Nor is he less satisfactory in the servants' revel: "When he suddenly appears like a ghost upon the scene of the servants' hall revel—nay, not like a ghost, but in the uncompromising reality of everything in the way of night-gown and nightcap that should make him ridiculous, but somehow does not—we feel the force of his half-foolish, straitlaced character. We see that Malvolio is a man who, even for his bedchamber, arrays himself with solemn propriety, and into whose head such an idea as looking absurd in any guise is not likely to come. His

manner, too, is that of a sour precisian, and he launches upon the debauch from the height of his punctilio a censure of Puritanic solemnity."

Finally he describes the day dream and reading of the forged letter, which he regards as the climax of the representation: "Here Irving is in an element of character and incident eminently congenial to his powers. The soliloquy in which Malvolio expatiates on his grandeur as Olivia's possibly prospective lord, is made a rich, firmly painted picture by the prim vividness of the actor's delivery. We see the branched velvet gown and the humor of state, and the obedient start of 'seven of my people;' and when the 'familiar smile' is deliciously 'quenched with an austere regard of control,' we mirthfully contrast the Toby of Malvolio's vision with the raging rollicker at the back of the stage, over whom the union with Olivia is supposed in the day-dream to have given the steward a 'prerogative of speech.' Presently Malvolio finds the letter, and a fine piece of acting begins. The scene cannot be said to be

lingered over, for the man is carried along just as fast as his fanciful realization of the fact that he has received a love-letter from his mistress will permit, but the process is slow. Each word seems to yield something; every look illustrates; every repetition suggests; every smile is a rich response to imagined blandishments; even the silly mystery of 'M, O, A, I' expands and deepens into a problem. And so by degrees the fully realized infatuation becomes clear and obvious to the audience."

That Mr. Russell's estimate is more likely to be the correct one is rendered probable by the fact that it was based upon an extended study of the representation and not upon the hasty impressions made by a first-night performance. That the unfavorable judgment of the first-night critics has obtained so wide a reputation is indeed much to be deplored, and it is to be hoped the American public will carefully abstain from finding fault with Mr. Irving's interpretation until they have seen the piece more than once.

Reviews.

THOUGHTS ON SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORICAL PLAYS.*

THIS, the latest and most pretentious work of the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning, is a book whose *raison d'être* is far from being manifest. The author, indeed, fails to furnish any explanation himself, for it is without preface, and after a list of authorities consulted he opens directly upon the subject at hand. Reduced to his own resources, the reader will have no small difficulty in giving the work its proper place in his literary catalogue. The title, as might reasonably be expected, gives no clue, for the word "thoughts" is not used with its proper meaning. The author has, indeed, been singularly unfortunate in his title, for it leads one to expect to find in the book what it does not contain. This, however, is a minor point, and does not detract from the merit of the book, for it is not without interest, though perhaps not of the first order.

The author takes the historical plays—including *Macbeth*, but for some unaccountable reason omitting *Coriolanus*, which has certainly a better right to a place among them than has *Macbeth*—analyzes them, prefaces his analysis with a sketch of each play, and occasionally gives his own estimates of the characters. He gives no history of the plays, makes little mention of the sources of the plots, but confines himself closely and carefully to the text, which he writes out in not very good prose, mingled with occasional quotations. He does not enter into any discussion of the doubtful authorship of some of the dramas, nor does he dwell on their departure from historical facts. He makes no reference to Shakespeare's own ideas being reflected in the plays, makes no remarks on their being the chief authority for our knowledge of them. All these important thoughts are absent, and it is much to be regretted, as the historical plays furnish the text for many an unwritten study. Had the author given free play to his thoughts, there can be no doubt that his book

would have been much more interesting. As it is, his style is labored and almost dull.

Most of the facts the book contains can be obtained directly from the plays themselves. And it is this fact that makes its real value so questionable. Were the plays of Shakespeare in any language save English, or were they inaccessible to the general public, Mr. Canning's work would be of great interest and value. But when every child can buy them for a few cents, when the knowledge of Shakespeare has spread abroad throughout the entire world, so that his name extends far beyond the reach of his own language, then, indeed, it is a mystery.

Nor is this all; for there is no general class of readers for whom it is specially adapted. It is too heavy for children, too light for the student and the scholar. The only ones to whom it will be really valuable are those who would gain in a short time a full conception of the plot and character of the plays. To a person reading one of Shakespeare's dramas for the first time it is very much better to have the outline of the play firmly fixed in one's mind. When one knows what is coming next and is not on the look-out for some unexpected developments, one can fully appreciate the matchless language in which they are written. Such knowledge can be obtained from Mr. Canning's work, and in a most satisfactory manner. While he enters into no thorough discussion of the historical references of the plays, he corrects misstatements and in the briefest language gives the true story. After reading one of the essays the student is well prepared to read the play, and had he not read it before, his understanding of it will be much more complete than if Mr. Canning's book was not at his command. Unfortunately, however, few people before reading the plays will think of Mr. Canning or his book, for its appearance is heavy and it would seem much easier to read one of Shakespeare's dramas twice.

But though the reasons that induced the author to write his book may not be obvious, it cannot be dis-

* *Thoughts on Shakespeare's Historical Plays.* By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. W. H. Allen & Co. London: 1884.

posed of without more than a passing notice. Its object is peculiar, for, as has been said, it is little more than a prose version of the plays. Mr. Canning has small regard for the moral defects in the characters. He strips off the glowing language in which the thoughts are imbedded, lays bare the wicked core, and remarks that it is solely Shakespeare's superb language that makes us study these characters and that gives them any merits. Take his study of *Macbeth* as a fair type of his style—though, indeed, it is one of the best of the essays. He finds no excuse whatever for the crimes of *Macbeth*, but exhibits him and his wife to his readers as the blackest conceivable villains. Nor is he far wrong; they were guilty of a hideous crime. But were they both equally to blame? The impartial student will find much to excuse in *Macbeth*; his sleeping thoughts were awakened by the witches, and, spurred on by his wife, it is not strange that he should have done things which, but for his evil spirits, he would have blushed to have owned, even in thought. *Macbeth* was not the hardened man Mr. Canning would have him, and there are points of interest in his character that are not derived from his thoughts being expressed in "Shakespeare's grandest language." This is a phrase much used by Mr. Canning; he is so continually repeating it and furnishing illustrations of it—each one of which he pauses to admire—that one almost longs to see some of Shakespeare's language that was not quite so grand. But though Mr. Canning furnishes no illustration of unsatisfactory writing by Shakespeare, his book is filled from beginning to end with his own. His style is peculiarly unattractive and his book rather dry reading. But this, perhaps, may be due to the extreme care he has taken to condense his facts and his remarks. The most glowing thoughts, the most novel ideas, become dull and stupid if they are put into the most condensed form that language will permit. It is a serious fault with many authors, but with few is it so conspicuous as with Mr. Canning. It is the more noticeable in his case because the reader cannot but contrast it with the sublime original it attempts to reproduce. No man can improve on Shakespeare, none write in so faultless a manner; but neither can one write on the same theme, seek to give the same ideas, express the same thoughts, without placing himself in direct contrast with the most perfect form of English. Failure is the only result possible; and if Mr. Canning has failed it has not been through any fault of his, but through his subject. It was one that did not admit of the treatment Mr. Canning has given it; it is not suited for reproduction in prose, or indeed in any form, and while one may feel no interest in the book, the author must not be censured too severely for its faults.

A short extract may serve to explain this more fully. Almost any passage will serve as an example, the following, taken from the study of *1 King Henry VI*, being as characteristic as any:

"Act III describes a quarrel in the King's presence, at Westminster, between Beaufort and Gloster. Richard Plantagenet is also there, apparently the King's loyal subject, but really watching his opportunity to take advantage of the fierce dissensions now increasing in the English Court. The Lord Mayor, a most peaceful personage, again complains of the savage tumults and affrays between the partisans of Beaufort and Gloster in the streets of London. King Henry tries to make peace between these noblemen, and with Warwick's assistance persuades them to make a show of reconciliation, Gloster being sincere in his professions and steadily faithful to the King, while Beaufort is utterly selfish, unscrupulous, and vindictive. In this scene, the mild, unsuspecting monarch restores the title of Duke of York to his ambitious kinsman, Richard, at the urgent request of Warwick. In return, Richard vows complete obedience to Henry; but the courtiers differ in opinion about the wisdom of the King's proceeding. Lord Exeter, one of his most faithful Ministers, truly foresees the coming misfortunes of so weak a sovereign amid such resolute, aspiring spirits as Beaufort, Warwick, and Richard, who have all their own ambitious objects in view, and alike perceive the irresolution of the King."

It is indeed obvious that the author is by no means equal to his subject, nor does this from *Richard III* give any indication of improvement:

"Catesby"—he speaks of the scene in which Richard is crowned—"ever watchful, though he cannot hear what has passed, rightly guesses from Richard's expression that he is angry, for the King had reasonably expected to have Buckingham's ready consent, considering all that he had previously sanctioned. Why, indeed, Buckingham now hesitates is rather surprising, when his past conduct is remembered; for he had cordially assisted in the deliberate murder of his old trustful friend, Lord Hastings. He had also done all in his power to exclude the Princes from their rights by alleging their illegitimacy, and, having thus proved himself cruel, treacherous, and deceitful, Richard naturally expected he would complete the policy he had so zealously aided by removing all remaining obstacles to their united designs. Perhaps at this moment of temptation Buckingham may have suddenly recollected his oath before King Edward to be true to his children, though he had previously violated it when asserting their illegitimacy to the London citizens. Buckingham's whole behavior in this scene, though natural for a grateful courtier in his position, is strangely inconsistent with his previous conduct, and there seems to be no historical foundation for it. On the contrary, he appears to have either sanctioned, or at least not opposed, the murder of the Princes, for his quarrel with Richard occurred some time after that crime, and apparently had no connection with it."

"This important and striking scene admirably represents Richard's character, tempting and provoking his ally while closely observing the latter's first sign of reluctance to obey his will, and instantly resolving to destroy him, with the prompt decision of his relentless nature. All who are not willing to obey him thoroughly he now considers enemies. Buckingham's high rank, which had made him a valuable ally, would also render him a dangerous foe, while his previous devotion to the usurper had doubtless alienated all his friends, save those who supported Richard. The Duke, therefore, could hardly now abandon politics and retire into private life; he must either join Richard thoroughly, like Catesby and Ratcliff, or conciliate the usurper's foes by close alliance with them, and thus repudiate his former policy. Richard well knew Buckingham's dangerous position, and directly the latter hesitates to obey his wishes, without absolutely refusing, he summons an intelligent young page, asking him to name any of his acquaintances who would take life for money. The youth instantly mentions a needy desperado—Sir James Tyrrel—whom Richard then sends for, as he knew something of him before. He tells him, in brief, expressive words, about the crime he wishes committed, and to which Tyrrel makes no objection."

It is obvious that Shakespeare cannot be successfully treated in this manner, and we close the book with the regret that the author's talents had not been devoted to a more satisfactory object than turning Shakespeare into prose.

T.

THE SHAKESPEARIAN SHOW-BOOK.

THAT much interest was aroused and much good accomplished by the Shakespearian Show is an undoubted fact. Many of the best-known names of England were associated in making it a success. The scholar and the woman of the world were brought into close contact by charity, and the result was a successful and brilliant exhibition. In no way is this union of two such different elements more clearly shown nor with so interesting a result as in the *Shakespearian Show-Book*. When one's curiosity has been satisfied with a rapid glance through its light gray pages, one realizes that it is a book for popular reading rather than for the scholar. Yet it is not without its interest to all. It is, in brief, a collection of stories and poems, programmes and catalogues, pictures and advertisements. The contents of the book were given "for sweet charity's sake," and comprises poems by Robert Browning and Lord Tennyson, Oscar Wilde and Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, Herman Merivale and "Violet Fane," Dr. Aveling and Mrs. Walker; there are stories by "Hugh Conway" (Fredk. J. Fergus), Frank A. Marshall, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, Lady Constance Howard, and John Coleman. Drawings were contributed by a number of artists, including Walter Crane, Harry Furness, Randolph Caldecott, W. F. Yeames, R. A., and G. A. Storey, A. R. A. And then there are two

musical compositions, one, by Fred. H. Cowen, a song to the words, "Take, oh! take those lips away," and the other, the Grand March from the music to *King John*, by Augustus L. Tamplin.

It is beyond the scope of the present review to criticise the merits of the literary articles. Many of them are pleasant reading, but their interest arises chiefly from their affording an illustration of the manner in which it is possible to bring Shakespeare and things Shakespearian into the popular literature of the day. Two of the stories, those by Mr. Fergus and Mr. Coleman, purport to be founded on truth, and this fact, although the real names are withheld, adds an interest to them apart from their literary merit. The former story contains the following description of a farm-yard:

"'O Hamlet! Hamlet!'"—addressing her remarks to a young black Pole—"where is Ophelia? There she is—as a beautiful white hen detached herself from the crowd—and there is the fiery Tybalt, in the thickest of the fray."—Tybalt was a fierce young game cockerell. 'Ah, Sir John, Sir John'—to a big capon—we think thou art fat enough to kill; and here comes Cassius with his lean and hungry look'—half a yard of attenuated fowl-flesh straggled out of the henhouse. 'Where are my own hens, Helena and Hermione? laying eggs for me, I hope; Romeo and Juliet on the balcony, as usual—two pretty pigeons stood on the ledge of the triangular pigeon-house which was affixed to the house wall—and who are you, I wonder?'—as two stupid-looking ducks waddled up from the tub sunk in one corner of the yard—'Let me see, Dogberry and Verges, of course.'"

After which remarks, Mr. Fergus proceeds with his tale. It is said, indeed, that every human person resembles an animal, but one scarcely wishes to associate the creations of Shakespeare—be the comparison ever so apt—with the inhabitants of a barn-yard.

Mr. Frank A. Marshall in an "Anachronism in one Scene," entitled "Shakespeare at a discount," makes an elaborate attempt at being witty in showing how a modern manager would have altered *Hamlet* on its being submitted to him for examination. Apart from these two instances, however, the stories are excellent and well-written, not only in the style, but in the even manner in which they are filled out. Especially is this the case with the description of a ride to Ronda and back by Lady Brassy, the well-known author of the *Voyage of the Sunbeam*. This sketch, though having absolutely nothing to do with Shakespeare, is one of the most readable pieces in the book.

Of the poetical contributions, the most interest will

probably be felt for Mr. Merivale's fine Lyrics of *Pericles*, which were written for the forthcoming musical production of *Pericles*.

The illustrations of the volume are numerous, varying in character from a caricature of the play scene in *Hamlet*, by Harry Furness, to a fac-simile of a hitherto unpublished portrait of Shakespeare, loaned by Mr. Burns, and in size from initial letters to full-page plates. It is, from a mechanical point of view, as a specimen of printing rather than as an album of literary gems that this book will hold its place in the Shakespearian library. And from this standpoint it is of undoubted interest. One cannot but feel attracted by its engraved cover, its numerous illustrations, its tinted paper, its fac-simile autographs, and its varied type. A careful attention to these details have given it its chief charm. The borders that are placed at the left-hand side of each page are particularly good. These are of a great variety of designs, many being quite complicated, and, best of all, in the centre is a quotation from Shakespeare that has an immediate connection with the matter on the page, be it prose or poetry, engraving or advertisement. The mottoes for the latter—and there is a surprising quantity—are the most interesting. A manufacturer of table cutlery has "Here's metal more attractive" (*Hamlet*); another, of toilet articles, "See, see, my beauty will be saved!" (*Love's Labor Lost*); a photographer, "A moment makes them" (*Henry VI*); and a tailor, "Behold, what honest clothes you send" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*)—and so with a hundred others. These quotations exhibit careful selection, and are one of the most remarkable features of the book.

Finally, and perhaps most important of all, is the value of the book as a memento of the Shakespearian Show, to which it served the purpose of a hand-book, containing complete programmes of all the numerous concerts, lists of the tableaux, of the stallholders and the characters they represented, and a very complete catalogue of the exhibition of Relics. Nor is this all, for the illustrations include a number of views of the interior of the Albert Memorial Hall during the Show, and sketches of the scenes represented in the various stalls, thus enabling one to obtain a very fair idea of its general nature. It is a volume that contains much interesting information, and is worth closer examination than one is apt to feel disposed to give it at first sight.

C. Sr. C.

Miscellany.

Charles and Mary Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* have been added to the "Handy Volume Classics."

The New Shakspeare Society has published a list of the songs and passages of Shakespeare that have been set to music.

Señora Cortes de Pedral, a well-known Spanish actress, has been meeting with great success in *The Tempest* in Valladolid.

Margaret Mather played *Romeo and Juliet* and *As You Like It* at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, in the middle of October.

At the first concert of the String Quartette of Buffalo, the *Liebesliedchen*, from Wilhelm Taubert's music to *The Tempest*, was rendered.

Thomas W. Keene opened a brilliant engagement in Chicago in the first week of October with an elaborate representation of *Richard III*.

Students of *As You Like It* will welcome the edition of the early English *Tale of Gamelyn* which Professor Skeat is editing for the Clarendon Press series.

The Rev. B. W. Seville is about to publish a pamphlet on the classical learning displayed in Shakespeare's plays as an argument in favor of their Baconian authorship.

Dr. K. Fischer, professor of philosophy and literature in Germany, has embraced the cause of the Baconian theory, and will lecture this winter to the students at Heidelberg in its favor.

The Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin reopened with *Macbeth*, the translation being that of M. Jules Lacroix. The costumes, by an English designer, have great historical interest.

Herr du Bois Reymond, in an oration printed in the *Deutsche Rundschau* for September, remarks that only Shakespeare and Moliere could write as forcible dialogue as did Diderot.

Professor Karl Elze published, early in August, a second volume of his *Notes on Elizabethan Dramatists, with Conjectural Emendations of the Text*. Both volumes are written in English.

Mary Anderson will produce *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum Theatre, London, early in November, after elaborate preparation. The costumes have been designed by the Honorable Lewis Wingfield.

"The Forrest," an amateur theatrical company in New York, will present *Richard III* early in December. T. Barton Easby is President of the Society and D. W. Van Wagenen Secretary; Richard A. Purdy is Stage Manager.

Eliot Stock has issued a small pamphlet entitled *An Essay Toward a Bibliography of Marlowe's "Tragical History of Faustus,"* compiled by William Heinemann. The essay is reprinted from the *Bibliographer*, and is a full survey of the subject treated.

A company composed of Henrietta Vaders, Carra Tanner, John Vincent, T. E. Morris, Harry Dalton, and Leslie Gossin has been organized to support Master Walker Whiteside, a boy of thirteen, who will assume the leading part in a number of Shakespeare's dramas.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.'s list of holiday books includes a superb Edition de Luxe of *Romeo and Juliet*, illustrated with twelve superb photogravures from original drawings by Frank Dicksee, A. R. A., with numerous ornamental headings and initials. The work is one of the most elaborate that has been issued by this house.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. have just issued three illustrated editions of *The Seven Ages of Man*, with illustrations by Church, Harper, Hovenden, Gaul, Frost, Smedley, and Shirlow. The series includes a small Quarto Edition, an Artists' Edition with photogravures from the original paintings, and an Edition de Luxe, limited to two hundred and fifty copies.

An autographic letter of Guizot's recently sold at Paris contained the following reference to *Romeo and Juliet*: "What can be more true than the love of Romeo and Juliet—a love so juvenile, so bright, so thoughtless, at the same time full of physical passion and moral tenderness, immeasurable self-abandonment, yet without coarseness, for the sentiments of the heart always unite to conquer the senses? There is nothing subtle nor fastidious, nothing wittily arranged by the poet, nothing of the pure love of piously exalted imaginations, nor of the licentious love of hardened, perverted lives; it is love itself, love altogether, involuntary and sovereign, without constraint and without corruption, such as it bursts out in the heart of man on entering adolescence, simple and various as God has made man."

A very remarkable discovery has been placed on record by the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, who claims to have proof positive that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's plays. This is accomplished by means of a cipher which Bacon twice describes, whereby one writing could be infolded and hidden in another. The words of the hidden story have a definite relation to the acts and scenes of the plays, which is determined by counting. Attracted by *I Henry IV*: II, i, ii, iv, and IV, ii, in which he found the words "Francis" "Bacon"

(twice), "Nicholas" (twice), "Bacon's," "son," "master," "Kings," exchequer, "St. Albans"—the name of Bacon's place of residence—and, in IV, ii, "Francis" repeated twenty times on one page, Mr. Donnelly applied his key to it, and, says a correspondent of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, with the following result:—"Elizabeth during the Essex troubles became, as is known, incensed at the use made of the play of *Richard II*, in which is represented the deposition and killing of the King; and she made it one of the points of prosecution which cost Essex his head, that he had hired the company of players to which Shakespeare belonged to represent it 'more than forty times in open streets and in tavern yards,' in order to prepare the public mind for her own deposition and murder. History tells us that she caused the arrest of Haywarde, who wrote a prose narrative of the deposition of Richard II and dedicated it to Essex, and he narrowly escaped a State prosecution. Mr. Donnelly shows that at the same time Shakespeare was arrested as the author of the plays; he was threatened with the torture, and disclosed to the officers of the Crown the fact that Bacon was the real author of the plays. Bacon threw himself on the protection of his uncle, Lord Burleigh, the great Lord Treasurer, who saved him from exposure and prosecution, but revealed the truth to Elizabeth; and this is the explanation of the fact, that, as long as Elizabeth lived, she kept Bacon out of office and in poverty."

A work that will supply so many hitherto unknown facts in English history as this extract seems to promise, will be awaited with great interest.

A correspondent of the *Buffalo Courier* in a recent letter from Fredericksburg calls attention to the little-known fact, that in the Masonic graveyard of that town is buried one of the contemporaries of Shakespeare, as is indicated by the following inscription from the gravestone:

Here lies the body of
Edward Heldon,
Practitioner in Physics and Chirurgery. Born in Bedfordshire, England, in the year of our Lord 1542. Was contemporary with and one of the pall-bearers of William Shakespeare, of the Avon. After a brief illness his spirit ascended in the year of our Lord 1618—aged 76.

Its history is unknown, having been previously in the cemetery of the St. George's Society, but which was not founded until 1730, or one hundred and twelve years after Heldon's death. Mr. Samuel Knox, says the correspondent, remembered the stone well. "It stood, he said, probably in the line of Burnside's road through the graveyard. It was considerably battered from his early recollection and had settled quite deep in the ground, the exposed end leaning at an angle of about forty-five degrees. He had not seen it since the war. How it drifted over into the Masonic ground is one of the mysteries of the war, but there it is, flat on its back, under a tangle of weeds and creepers, with the upper corner chipped off and the old English lettering dim but traceable. There is preserved in town a copy of the *Fredericksburg Gazette*, published in 1784, which bears evidence that the stone was then a feature of the place in a tribute to it in verse. One verse runs:

"For in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
Juliet seemed to love,
Hamlet mused, and old Lear fell,
Beatrice laughed, and Ariel
Gleamed through the skies above—
As here, beneath this stone,
Lay in his narrow hall,
He who before had borne the pall
At mighty Shakespeare's funeral."

Among the books disposed of at the sale of the first portion of the library of the late John Payne Collier, the following were the more important: *Ballads, etc.*, an interesting manuscript of the seventeenth century, including a period of about sixty years, a most curious collection of ballads, quotations from Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Sir W. Raleigh, and summary of its contents by J. P. Collier, who gave Hoopes £25 for the volume—£52 (Quaritch); Cartwright (W.), *Comedies, etc.*, portrait by Lombart, manuscript note by J. P. Collier, with rare canceled leaves "On the Queen's Return from the Low Countries," and the uncanceled leaves on the same—£5 15s. (Quaritch); Cibber (C.), *Tony Aston's Brief Supplement to C. Cibber, His Lives, etc.*, notes by Collier, extremely rare—£2 15s. (Westell); Collier (J. P.), *Punch and Judy*, colored etchings by G. Cruikshank, notes by author, among others—"The plates in this volume were colored by Cruikshank; he gave it to me"—£5 10s.; Collier (J. P.), *Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays*, with a great mass of manuscript notes by Collier, 1853—£40 15s. (A. R. Smith); Cruikshank's (24) illustrations of *Punch and Judy*, India proofs, with a portrait of the artist himself, etched at the bottom of one of the plates, and a view on another, etc. S. Powett, 1828—£19 5s. (Richardson); Baxter (N.), Sir P. Sydney, *Ourania*, autograph signatures and manuscript corrections by the author, 1606—£9 (Steevens); Collier (J. P.), *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, profusely illustrated by rare portraits, autograph letters, and manuscript notes by Collier, 1879—£59 (Steevens); Collier (J. P.), *An Old Man's Diary Forty Years Ago, 1832-33*, only 25 copies printed, illustrated like the last named, 1871-72—£150 (B. F. Stevens); Cooper (T.), *The-saurus Lingue Romane et Britannica*. "This book before it was rebound belonged to John Milton, as is testified in his own handwriting in more than 1,500 places," manuscript note by Collier—£3 11s. (Quaritch); *Milioni pro Populo Anglicano Defensio*, with autograph of O. Cromwell—£8 15s. (Quaritch); Shakespeare's Works 1844-53, Mr. Collier's working copy, manuscript notes and letters from his friend—£10 (Ellis); Peckham (Sir G.), *A True Report of the Late Discoveries, etc., of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Kt.*, very curious and rare, John Charlewood for John Hinde, 1583, and many other rare tracts, in one volume, with manuscript note by Collier—£210 (Quaritch). The entire proceeds of the sale were a little over £2,100.

The Stratford Shakespeare Memorial Library has issued the following circular:

"The Stratford Memorial Library,' comprising theatre, picture gallery, centre tower, and library, is now fully completed for all practical working, and is open daily to visitors. All that remains to be done is in decorating the theatre and staircases, filling the niches on the exterior of the library with sculpture, enclosing the ground adjoining, and laying it out as a garden. The room appropriated to the library on the ground floor is a stately shrine, fitted with oak book-

cases, cupboards, doors, etc., and the shelves are ready to receive gifts of books. The nucleus of a good Shakespeare collection has already been formed in many valuable presentations, but unfortunately there are no funds at present in hand to make purchases. The five thousand pounds intended by the Chairman of the Association to form part of an endowment for the library and picture gallery was applied to the completion of the tower, in the hope that the general public would willingly respond when they saw that the Memorial was not only a project but a grand testimonial faithfully and substantially carried out. The admirers of Shakespeare are world-wide, and come from all quarters of the globe to visit his birthplace. Every one can, therefore, lend a helping hand in providing for the permanent maintenance of the Memorial, and thus enable the Association to fulfill their original intention of making it a free institution.

"Donations or subscriptions will be gratefully accepted for the Endowment Fund, and authors, publishers, book-buyers, and booksellers are respectfully solicited for presentation copies of any edition of Shakespeare's Works, books illustrative of his life and times, essays, criticisms, plays as acted in London or provincial theatres, old Shakespearean play bills, portraits of actors of his plays, medals—anything which bears the name or inspired by the fame of the great dramatist: will be welcome as stones to the cairn. It is also intended to collect general dramatic literature, thus forming a comprehensive reference library or history of dramatic poetry and the stage. Visitors to the Memorial who wish to consult any work in the library will have every facility for doing so on application to the librarian. Donors of books will add to the interest of their gifts by affixing bookplate and autograph.

"Subscribers of five guineas to the Endowment Fund will receive a copy of the beautiful engraving of the celebrated portrait of David Garrick, painted by Gainsborough, belonging to the Corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon, by whose permission it has been engraved for the Memorial Association. Only one thousand impressions have been taken. The plate is now defaced and may be seen in the library, thus securing for the engraving an increasing value and rarity. A few proofs remain on hand which will be given to donors of ten guineas and upward."

The librarian states that American editions of Shakespeare would be especially welcome, as the only two now on the shelves of the library are the Furness Variorum (kindly donated by its distinguished editor) and the Boston edition of 1802. Although it has been stated that the cost of the Shakespeare Memorial Library, one hundred thousand dollars, was largely defrayed by American subscriptions, this is an error. Only twenty-five hundred dollars have been received from this source, of which five hundred dollars was contributed by Edwin Booth. The Library is indebted to its chairman (C. E. Flower, Esq.) for the generous donation of twenty-five thousand dollars.

